

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF VISCOUNT HALDANE

"**T**HE Reign of Relativity"<sup>1</sup> is indeed a remarkable book. In it the author treats of most of the great systems of philosophy. Aristotle, Plotinus, Locke, Reid, Kant, Schopenhauer, Hegel, all find a place, no less than do the leading philosophers of to-day; Bergson and his American critic, Watts Cunningham, Bradley, Pringle-Pattison. The Einstein theory is expounded and discussed at great length, together with the physical philosophy of Prof. A. N. Whitehead. The mathematical doctrine of Riemann and Gauss, the criticisms of Sellien and Freundlich, the writings of a leading Berlin engineer, and the foolishness of spiritualism are also familiar to the all-devouring mind of Lord Haldane. He tells us that, if we would grasp the principles of knowledge, we must survey the whole field. Truly has he done so; with what success we shall see.

Locke, in philosophizing, adopted the method of "looking into his own understanding and seeing how it wrought." Lord Haldane adopts the same method. Mind, he says, "must study itself, not from without but from within, in its awareness of its own working, in its consciousness of itself" (p. 398). We can only hope "to get at the entirety of the actual by leaving knowledge to exhibit its own implications, and to develop itself free from constraint of standpoint and of consequent relativity in conception" (p. 179). Relativity rules everywhere, and is necessary in most spheres of knowledge. Hence the title of the book. But in philosophy we must transcend all finite categories and partial standpoints, and this we can do only by studying knowledge as it develops within us.

The first thing that strikes us, when we reflect, is that the outside world with its manifest riches, its mechanistic and its biological features, its colour, beauty and value, and we ourselves who observe it, are for knowledge "a single whole within which fall matter and mind alike" (p. 19). While at

<sup>1</sup> *The Reign of Relativity*. By Viscount Haldane. London: John Murray. Pp. xxiii, 430. 21s. net. 1921.

the foundation of all standpoints and implied in them is "the cardinal and irresoluble reality of knowledge itself, the ultimate medium in terms of which all else must be expressed, whilst it cannot itself be expressed in any terms beyond its own" (p. 29). It is "only on the basis of accepting knowledge as an ultimate and final fact, in terms of which all that is apparently subjective, error as well as truth, must be rendered, and within which all that is or can be must somewhere fall, that our object world is intelligible" (p. 27). Since, therefore, knowledge is a whole which "cannot be broken up into fragments—for there is nothing beyond it of which such fragments can consist, . . . the distinctions between thought, time and space, and sensation, cannot be fundamental. They must fall within one entirety, and it is as belonging to that entirety as its phases, and not as entities apart, that they must be studied" (p. 24).

Knowledge, in short, is for Lord Haldane everything. It is "the foundation on which reality and unreality alike, truth and error, beauty and ugliness, righteousness and sin, all rest. Each of these presupposes knowledge as the medium in which they are and have meaning" (p. 185). For "behind the fact of knowledge we cannot go. . . . All criticism of its truth or untruth falls within itself and must be wholly its own act" (p. 28). Reality itself "lies in the foundational character of knowledge, and in the distinctions between perceiver and perceived, knower and known, as being distinctions falling inside the entirety of that foundational character, inasmuch as they are made by and within knowledge itself" (p. 27). Within its omnivorous, all-embracing scope falls even Bradley's *Absolute* (p. 207) and Bergson's *élan vital* (p. 147).

Now "the nature of knowledge is to fix and give meaning to particulars by universals in which they are set and become realities" (p. 157). It is mind which "produces" the principles by which we interpret nature; mind which creates the distinctions between itself and its object, the world and the self (p. 186); mind which is the source of all reality (p. 418). Yet it cannot be *my* mind which does this. "The world is there independently of thought which is recognized as *my* thought. . . . What I feel and see and hear and smell and taste is actual independently of the relation to it of myself appearing as a thing in the world confronting it" (p. 196). "Man individually is not, as with Protagoras, the

measure of all things"; but, "on the other hand, reality appears to be unintelligible apart from its relation to knowledge." Hence, "individual knowledge itself may well turn out to be unintelligible apart from a structure which is foundational in the knowledge of every individual knower" (p. 37). This is mind universal, knowledge as a whole, within which "the nature and origin of what we call our minds, with the particulars and universals alike that belong to their nature, must be sought" (p. 54). "It is the same world that is before you and me, and that is because it embodies sameness in our conceptions of it" (p. 155, cf. p. 182). Thought works with ideas of general application, which are, "in so far as they possess the character of universals, in all minds literally the same" (p. 153). "The mental character which as such an object I, who am also subject, possess in common with my neighbours, makes me judge the world in harmony with them" (p. 182). We "think systematically and in harmony with principles which mind itself produces and imposes on itself" (p. 186). Without these principles and categories which mind imposes, the object-world is meaningless; and, if meaningless, without existence, for "existence involves meaning, and is not a fact unless it is significant" (p. 169). "It is in and through mind"—mind universal—"that nature attains reality" (p. 189).

As in the sphere of truth, so in that of morality, art, religion. "In the same sense as we think identically, we will identically. For mind apprehending and mind expressing itself in choice are not separate entities" (p. 364). Mind "works and creates general opinion at levels that transcend the ends, not only of the particular self, but of the mere citizen of any particular nation" (p. 377). This is the true meaning of the much discussed "general will," and at the same time the true ground of democracy. For, if mind so works, it follows that "the true source of sovereignty must be simply public or general opinion" (p. 366, cf. p. 371).

Mind, then, "is not a thing merely confronted by another thing, its environment. It is an activity, a power that at every point makes that environment what it is for us and what it is in itself. It contains within itself the environment, as well as the centre for the reflection in which its objects are focussed; finds itself as what makes these objects real; and establishes the distinction between itself and them" (p. 339). What I behold, hills, rivers, trees, men, women, are not

"separate existences," but "aspects,"—"the outcome of different standpoints that imply each other in the entirety which underlies my experience of each, taken as singular" (p. 340). For knowledge or mind or reality—they are all one and the same—is dynamic: it evolves. "Although a self-contained system," it "realizes itself at different levels progressively . . . crystallizing, as it were, its conceptual self-evolution at stages which are those of finite mind" (p. 201).

This principle of levels or stages or standpoints is of the very essence of the author's doctrine. "Mechanism, life, personality present themselves as belonging to different levels in the real world, levels of which the explanation cannot be found by trying to construct what is higher out of what is lower, but must be looked for rather in abstractions made from above downwards from a yet fuller reality" (p. 348). "The demonstration of the importance of the principle which the mathematicians and physicists of to-day are offering is helpful, but it covers only a fragment of the ground. Fully operative, the principle teaches us that observer and observed always and everywhere stand in relations which are inseparable in logic as they are in fact. The conception and the conceived are alike embraced within a greater and foundational reality. Behind knowledge we cannot penetrate in our search for reality. But knowledge is not always of the same kind. There are everywhere in it what are analogous to the differing frames of reference of the physicist" (p. 127). But these degrees or stages in knowledge, unlike the physicist's "frames of reference," are not reducible one to the other. They are orders in thought "of logically different kinds, and have no relation analogous to equivalence in the quantitative order" (p. 127). Categories are "forms of an infinite and omnipresent activity, the whole of which is there in every phase, it is only in the abstractions made by reflection that we isolate them with the consequences to which they give rise" (p. 387).

This is one of the most important points which Lord Haldane seeks to drive home, as the title of his book itself indicates. And we are duly grateful to him. Our categories are not applicable universally to each and every sphere of knowledge. Mechanistic principles serve well enough in dealing with mere matter, but are inadequate to account for life, as mere biology is inadequate to account for the realm of thought and volition. So, too, are the categories which



pertain to human thought and volition transcended in the Mind which underlies all things and is divine. All this is true and of moment. Yet one cannot help wondering whether it was quite necessary to base this manifest truth on so weird and so monistic a philosophy.

Towards the end of his book Lord Haldane tells us plainly that the whole of knowledge, the entirety that *is*, "that in which exists self-developed the entire hierarchy of degrees, within mind and within the reality which has no existence apart from it," is just simply another name for God (p. 383). "God can hardly be less than the process of mind in an ideal integrity, the process in which mind as all-comprehending is ever realizing itself as a series of degrees which are divergent logically in so far as they are different in the dominating conceptions which lie at their respective foundations" (p. 385). In God distinctions and degrees are present, but "with their separateness superseded" (p. 386). For "it is the ultimate character of mind to establish within its all-embracing ambit these differentiations (of standpoint) and the reasons for them, as its degrees or as levels attained in its progress toward self-completion in a perfect entirety" (p. 401). I cannot but think that, in so describing God, Lord Haldane has fallen into the very error which his book has been written to repudiate.

It is true of our human knowledge that it evolves, distinguishing category from category, formulating principles, differentiating standpoints, in its endeavour to interpret the real which is presented in experience. Nor can one doubt that at the outset there was for each one of us no distinction at all, not even between subject and object, or between mind and mind, or between the world and the self. At the outset, in other words, we were *totally ignorant*. But to ascribe this type of knowledge, which starts from ignorance, and is built up slowly by the interaction of thought and experience, to Him who exists at the highest level of all and is the ground of all thought and all experience, is an anthropomorphism unwarranted by logic, and is also, it seems to me, a flagrant violation of the principle of relativity or of standpoints. A knowledge-process which is characteristic of our standpoint as human beings is converted into a predicate of the Absolute.

The author would doubtless urge that it is only the general principles of knowledge or mind, those which are common to all minds, which he has selected as predicable of God. *All*

human knowledge evolves more or less as he describes. Granted, but does it not thus evolve precisely because it is human knowledge, the knowledge of a *finite* mind which at the outset knows nothing, the basis of whose knowledge is, as the author admits, to "start in time from what we directly feel, from what our organism brings to consciousness," and the process of which is to "develop the implications of what seems to come to us from without through the channels of the senses" (p. 210). If we are to attribute any aspect of human knowledge to God, it should surely be knowledge, not in its developing, but in its most fully developed form, knowledge in which the distinction of subject and object is fundamental, in which the object-world is other than the thinking subject and has an evolution of its own, and in which the different subjects of knowledge, different minds, are other than one another.

It is admitted that God is present to us as an *ideal* (p. 399); but in this ideal, it is alleged, all distinctions are transcended, all separateness superseded. Yet distinction and separation are not superseded for the only knowledge of which we have experience. Neither is there any indication that ever they will be, though human knowledge has been progressing towards its ideal for many thousands of years. Yet it is on this type of knowledge, the knowledge we, human beings, are conscious, as something developing "within us," that the author's theory is based. Moreover, the realization of this ideal does not mean, we are told, that knowledge at other levels ceases to be genuine knowledge. "The world is there, as it seems, and it presents itself to us in orders of knowledge and reality, all of which are in their own places valid and actual" (p. 213). Mechanism does not cease to hold good of the human body because the human body appears also at a higher level at which it is a self. "Every separate system is relatively as real as every other. . . . Change in standpoint gives no change in the actual. In each such case we get reality only in a special degree or kind, but it is not the less on that account reality" (p. 402). Why, then, should this principle be abrogated at the highest level of all, and all separateness, which is so obviously a datum of knowledge and consistent with its existence, be denied, thus providing a loop-hole for scepticism?

All knowledge is doubtless systematic: its objects constitute a whole, as does also the universe. But a whole of

inter-related entities is just as much a whole as is a whole of inter-related aspects, and far more like reality as we know it. For Lord Haldane "the consciousness of man is not a different thing from the consciousness of God. Man and God are not numerically distinct subjects in knowledge. They are the one foundational mind, disclosing itself in different degrees or logical stages in the progress of reality, but as identical in divergences of form. It is the identity that underlies the correspondence of our thoughts and renders them what they are, that relates man to his fellow-men. It is the same identity in difference that relates him to God" (p. 398). That is the worst of an aspect-theory: its language is so like that of pantheism, and so very much unlike anything experience attests or experiment will verify. If anything is manifest in experience it is surely that our consciousness is not identical with the consciousness of anybody whatsoever. God to us is always an "other," and so are our fellow-men. To all genuine knowledge the distinction of subject and object and of one subject from another is both vital and universal. Yet another difficulty arises, as it does in all such theories, once you look for the account it gives of error.

Whence comes error, if the "transforming power" of our concepts comes from God? Whence sin, if "in the same sense that we think identically, we will identically," identically with God? "In the exercise of reason," says Lord Haldane, "we may err, just as we may sin. But the exercise is that of the creative activity of mind itself, an activity that is not an event apart from the mind that exercises it" (p. 232). So that it is God who is responsible alike for our errors and our sins, in which case He contradicts Himself, violating those very principles and values which reveal His presence within us?

A further contradiction emerges if one studies the author's theory of error more closely. If the world exists for us only through the concepts which give to it both meaning and reality (p. 169), and if all concepts are universals in the sense that they are identical alike in the minds of each of us and in that of the divine source whence they originate, at first sight it would seem that we ought all to think alike and that error should be impossible. But the question of standpoint comes in. Our categories are the same, but we may apply them wrongly, may make false abstractions, may attribute to reality wrong meanings. Yet this we do, not as objects, but as subjects. How then can we be all the same subject, distinct

numerically neither from one another nor yet from God? The aspect-theory breaks down again.

It also breaks down in its account of the origin of the universe. The universe is real, independently of any finite mind (pp. 36, 37, 196), but the distinctions that arise within it, of knower from known, of the world from the self, of object from object within the world, arise only in reflection (p. 226), and "by a process of abstraction which is justified only by the end that it has to subserve, and that has called it into being" (p. 196). "As it is with knowing, so it is with the known. They are correlatives, and so have the same character. It is only by abstractions that we distinguish in them the general from the particular, and suggest to ourselves that these have existence independently of each other" (p. 49). "What is most perfect is most concrete and also most actual, for it is only by abstractions made within it that what is lower in the scale of thought emerges" (p. 386). Reality, then, is due to reflection! The distinctions and differences which characterize the universe and make it what it is, are the product of abstraction! Abstraction from what? Reflection upon what? And who is it makes the abstractions? It can hardly be *our* abstractions that make the universe, for if there were not a universe we could not abstract one aspect of it from another. Yet if it be God who abstracts, He deserts His own level and ceases to be God, for abstraction implies finitude in mental capacity: the whole is too big and too complex for a finite mind to take it in all at once. If distinctions be due to abstraction and standpoint (pp. 340, 418), God can only produce creatures by becoming a creature Himself. We are assured more than once by the author that in his theory the world is no illusion. Yet at heart we remain unconvinced. It is "the veil of Maya, which imperfect understanding is ever weaving for us," that "by its abstractions leads us from the full truth" (p. 411); and it is this same veil of Maya, this same imperfection of understanding, these same abstractions, that constitute the world as we know it and make it what it is.

There is much to admire in *The Reign of Relativity*. Lord Haldane has a wonderfully clear way of expounding the theories of others and of making plain his own. He makes many good points. There *are* universals, and they are not applicable indiscriminately. Life is not mechanism, nor intelligence mere life. "My personality is not intelligible when

regarded as merely built up from below out of fragments that belong to externality" (p. 223). It is that which "holds experience to identity amid change" (p. 150), and "in an aspect which is a necessity of its constitution" in some sense is certainly "at once present, past, and even future" (p. 315). We must interpret, if we would understand rightly, not from below, but from above.

This is a valuable principle, as is that of the relativity of concepts to their own proper spheres. But even relativity can be carried to extremes. If "a black thing is only what it is when contrasted with white things" (p. 214), my bed-sheets are only white when contrasted with the ceiling, and boot-blacks should always wear white neckties. While if "a single thing is what it is only when contrasted with a plurality of things" (*ibid.*), it is not meaningless, but a necessity to "speak of numerically different universes" (p. 184). This is relativity run riot, as is also the statement that "it is only through judgments of contrast that the distinctions between things which exist in nature have any significance for us" (p. 214). For how can we contrast one thing with another unless there be already a distinction between them.

Starting with the method of Locke, Lord Haldane, like Locke, has been false to the method which he uses. Locke found in his understanding nothing but ideas, which he said were the sole objects that we know: his philosophy ignored the reality which ideas make manifest. Lord Haldane is also "a plain person, who takes thought just as he seems to himself to find it" (p. 279), but in it he finds nothing but knowledge, which, forgetful of the knower and the known, he says is the sole reality: his philosophy takes account of the process of knowing, but ignores the two terms which that process presupposes and reveals. The truth is Lord Haldane has been philosophizing all along in a chair (pp. 145, 147, 164, 182, and *passim*). Had he philosophized on the golf-links at Gleneagles, he would probably have realized that a golf-ball is not merely another aspect of a niblick, nor a bunker another aspect of the golfer. The "final and foundational fact" appears to be not merely that "I know" (p. 30), but that "I know *something*," and also am known. Our "view of the real must take account of the knower as well as the known"—yes, *and of the known as well as the knower*—"if it is to be a complete philosophy" (p. 24).

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## BATTLE

### I.

The success of an offensive campaign depends upon the degree to which the attacking troops possess :—

- (i) The will to go forward.
- (ii) The skill to go forward.

*SS. 135 "The Division in Attack."*

**B**ATTLES of the limited objective type, at least when the initiative came from our side, were always designed to follow a regular routine—the barrage: the assaulting line, followed closely by the "moppers-up," to clear dug-outs and other strongholds of their hostile occupants: the digging-in when the objective was reached: and, as soon as circumstances allowed, the Relief.

That was the programme, supposing at least an initial success, propitious weather, and the all-important element of surprise. The day of attack was referred to as Z, or "Zero," Day: the three or four days immediately preceding it as "Y," "X," "W," etc. During the final months of the war, for some reason of which I am ignorant, "Z" was replaced by "H." No calendar dates appeared in the Operation Orders. A particular hour on the day of attack, at which the barrage was to open, was fixed as Zero hour, and the intervals at which the various units, or successive "waves," were to advance were indicated, in hours, as "Zero plus 1," "Zero plus  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ," and so forth.

If the operations were to be on a specially important scale, the battle would be rehearsed beforehand, in the back areas, over a duplication of the enemy positions as far as they were known. Headquarters had two main preoccupations; minute preparation against all calculable contingencies on our own side, and the completest possible surprise for the enemy on the other. To secure this latter condition preparations were simulated on other parts of the Line by such means as the deliberate increase of traffic on the forward road and tracks and the multiplication of lights at night; by the erection of dummy works, batteries, railway lines, dumps, or hospitals: by increased artillery and aerial activity, the exhibition and movement of Tanks—often constructed of laths and canvas—and a deceptive liveliness among the signallers. No doubt



the enemy would divine the meaning of this speeding up, but he could not afford to ignore it, since by a refinement of camouflage the busiest area might in fact be the real point of intended offence. If the result was to keep him on the alert, he was equally kept in doubt as to where to expect the blow.

In battles of the type with which I am just now concerned, each Brigade of the Division had its allotted objective, known usually as the Blue, Black, Brown, etc., Lines, from the coloured crayons with which they were traced on the operation maps. It was calculated that in the absence of very serious resistance, and over normal ground, infantry should be able to advance at a rate of from fifty to a hundred yards a minute. So that, taking these two data into consideration, it was possible to estimate with fair accuracy the intervals at which the attacking units should follow one another. Such estimate, however, would be only approximate, and was supplemented by a very complete system of signalling by flag, Lucas lamp, heliograph, and shutter: and, with the assistance of aeroplanes, by the ingenious Popham, or "T" Panel. Messenger dogs were also employed, though not, I believe, to the same extent as on the other side: and, of course, the unscientific pigeon, which was the most reliable of all. I could never see the pigeon-man without being forcibly impressed by the incongruity between his freight of sleek and gentle creatures whose absurd, unspeculative eyes could be seen peering through the apertures of their basket, and the ghastly scenes among which they were being carried.

The infantry assault was, of course, the essence of the attack, and everything else was designed to lead up to and to assist that. A vast scheme of preparation, each within his own sphere, devolved therefore upon all officers, from the Army Chief to the platoon commander. The supply and distribution of arms, ammunition and equipment, maps and compasses, field-dressings, food and water: the provision and minute organization of artillery, machine-guns, trench-mortars, tanks, and aeroplane co-operation: intelligence and liaison arrangements between the infantry and the artillery and between the various units of the infantry: appointment of understudies in the event of casualties among officers in all grades of command: allotment of engineers and pioneer units and supply of adequate stores and material for their use: signal facilities, disposition of runners, medical arrangements, selection of stragglers' posts, police and traffic

measures, and a thousand and one other vital matters down to the provision of labour battalions for work on the avenues of communication which were certain to suffer heavily in the wake of the advancing Division. A work, in fact, which called for the most tireless exercise of knowledge, foresight, energy, discipline, and self-sacrifice.

Little, I am sure, did the greater part of those at home, who read the terse *communiqués* in the Press, realize what a price had been paid for the successes which gladdened their eyes. What unrelenting strain, mental and physical, what self-suppression and immolation, endurance, alertness, and cold courage were taken for granted in those formal phrases.

The fighting soldier, officer and man alike, must surrender all his personal likes and dislikes, hopes, fears, and opinions. He will receive, and will unhesitatingly execute, orders which he himself and his superior officer who gives them, knows are the equivalent of a sentence of death. "You will take this place and then move on to that," "At such and such an hour you will do thus and thus": and neither refers to what both know, that the way to the objective lies through a storm of bullets and crashing shells, and that the appointed hour may never come for either.

"The infantry must advance with dash and determination," says an official handbook, and everyone will recognize the perfect propriety of the remark; but only those who have personal experience of the Field can appreciate all its implications.

I remember hearing an officer relate with pride, and yet with amusement, how his company had advanced under a hail of machine-gun fire bending their heads to the pelting bullets as if they were facing a shower of rain: their steel helmets being actually, under such circumstances, about as efficacious as blotting-paper. And I shall never forget, as long as I live, the view which we had of the assault upon Monchy-le-Preux from the adjoining elevation of Orange Hill. The lines moving doggedly up the shell-tortured slope under a withering blast of machine-gun fire, which swung like a scythe through their ranks, laying them dead or dying in swathes and bunches. They wavered, sometimes, and stopped. Some took a few hesitating steps backwards, but always to halt again, re-form, and press on once more. The low hill on which we crouched was well inside the ambit of the hostile barrage, which howled and pounded furiously about us,

though in fact we suffered but few casualties from it. As we advanced down the hill I picked up a partridge, just killed and still warm, and in and out among the spouting shell-bursts doubled a great brown hare panic-stricken, no doubt, at this new and clamorous style of hunting.

Besides lesser engagements, offensive or otherwise, I have had the privilege of being on the Field in five capital battles, and at this distance of time it is possible to attempt a synthesis of my impressions into one composite vision of battle as such. I call it a privilege, because a privilege it is to have lived through the one experience of all possible experiences of life wherein the best and the worst alike are seen at their best, and at their worst, the souls of men are turned inside out, and all the motives and impulses are laid bare for which, or for the restraint of which, the complicated edifice of civilization has been slowly and painfully elaborated. The bond that unites all those who have come together through the experiment of battle is finer and more intimate than could be forged by any other association. We have proved our manhood to ourselves and to one another, and we shall for ever have in common a host of dearly-bought memories, sacred and incommunicable.

It is close upon zero-hour. Watches have been meticulously synchronized, the last detail of organization and equipment has been attended to, the C.O. has held his final conference, and there is nothing more to be said or done in preparation. The great day has come which is to test the plans and schooling of the past week: a day of honour and distinction for some, of hideous suffering for others, the last day for many, for all a day fearful and wonderful.

At such a time you would hardly expect to find men grumbling about infinitesimal trifles, joking, bickering, or resting placidly as they waited. But so it is: and I remember that on my first experience of the sort I did not know whether to congratulate myself on my coolness or be annoyed with myself for my obtuseness when I found that the expected emotions did not arise. An M.O. told me one day that under fire all men's pulses are automatically accelerated, and I once attempted to test this on myself. It was a failure, however, because I did not know the figure of the normal beat; and anyway I could not find my pulse.

The watch-hands creep on—a minute, half a minute, five

seconds—and then one's heart really *does* leap as, true to the second, down comes the barrage like an unimaginable steam-hammer and the eddyng atmosphere raves and howls under the frightful tempest of rushing metal. There is no simile that will quite cover one's impressions of a barrage. You have to figure to yourself that scores, perhaps hundreds, of guns of every calibre are firing as rapidly as you can drum with your fingers on a table. There is scarcely a discernible interval between the reports: they blend into a vibrating roar of many notes from the deep-mouthed bellow of the heavies to the shattering bang of the eighteen-pounders, in a tireless *arpeggio* of incredible swiftness.

It is still the early morning twilight, and the hurricane of bursting shells smashing down upon the enemy lines lights up the slaty sky with flashes of blood-red, yellow, and electric blue: great banks of black and white smoke drift over the battle-field: the terrible thermite, which sinks through clothing and steel helmet as easily as molten lead through a sheet of cardboard, showers down in a sinister orange-hued rain: streams of bullets sweep across from the quacking machine-guns: and trench-mortars cough angrily from camouflaged pits and shell-holes.

A pause, broken only by the moaning overhead of the heavy shells which are searching out the enemy batteries, and once more the infernal uproar recommences. The creeping barrage has lifted, and the infantry, advancing as in a cage of flying shells, follows up behind the invisible curtain whose skirts are whipping up the torn and pitted ground and frothing among the battered works and trenches.

Nothing can live in it, one would think. The enemy lines must by now be as lifeless as the surface of the moon, to which indeed they bear no slight resemblance. But soon a new note is heard in the tremendous orchestra, which up till now had seemed to exhaust all the possibilities of sound. It is the distinctive roar of shells coming the other way, towards us this time: and bullets, too, are threshing about us, throwing up spirts of earth at our feet, whispering drily in our ears as they flash past us, and snapping and whining over our heads. The shells come more quickly, and one tries hard not to duck at the sudden scream and crash. "You never hear the shell that gets you," is an old axiom, and perfectly untrue. Many a man has turned at the crash of a shell behind him and been cut in two by a flying splinter—a very inad-

quate word, by the way, for a jagged slab of metal nearly red-hot and weighing perhaps fifty pounds.

The acrid flavour of T.N.T. fills throat and nostrils. Someone says "Oh!" and slips down suddenly with the blood spirting from leg or arm or shoulder. A dull "Thupp!" and another pitches on to his face and lies still. There is a roaring whirlwind, a resistless rush, a reeling world of insane yelling; you crouch instinctively with ringing ears, and rise again to the sound of anguished cries, whimperings, and moans. A shell has burst beside you, right in the midst of a group of men, killing, mutilating, wounding, all of them.

If you are at Ypres you may hear a sudden gigantic clamour as of an express train roaring through a tunnel in the air—or, as one man put it, "Like a row of houses rushing at you." It is the famous 17-inch, terrific, colossal, appalling, but strangely inaccurate, and on that account frequently quite innocuous, which blasts a grave for itself twenty feet deep, and covers an acre with its debris.

But worse, far worse, than any artillery, is the remorseless machine-gun, of all the weapons of modern warfare the most murderous and the most nearly irresistible. From behind defences which form a target too strong for the generality of field artillery and too small for the less accurate heavy gun, they pour a torrent of fire, sometimes playing like a hose up and down the breadth of the advancing infantry, sometimes in co-operation with other "nests," directing a score of intersecting streams of bullets which cut the air, waist high, into a diamond pattern (if the eye could follow them) and should make it impossible for anything bigger than a stalk of wheat to stir one inch in advance. In combination with the pill-box, the machine-gun presented at one time a problem that seemed to defy solution. It played the same part in our land operations that the submarine did at sea. Trench-mortars proved the most efficacious offensive defence against isolated posts; but to the end no better means of dealing with the pill-boxes could be devised than to stalk them and fling bombs through their loopholes. Obviously this was a most hazardous and expensive method, for there was naturally very little cover left in their immediate neighbourhood, and they were, besides, usually so echeloned as to afford one another the protection of flanking fire. A pill-box could not, of course, stand an indefinite amount of shelling, and we found some of them badly damaged. But six feet of reinforced concrete is very

nearly indestructible, and once while I was inside one of these defences we had three direct hits upon it from 5.9's with no worse effect than an unpleasant jar to our nerves. The real trouble of a captured pill-box was that its thinnest side and its entrance naturally faced towards the enemy, who made no secret of his appreciation of this fact. It was certainly long odds against a shell coming clear through the low, narrow doorway: but it did happen, to my knowledge, several times. One can imagine the catastrophic effect of the explosion in such a confined space. It was in this way that the heroic Father William Doyle was killed before Ypres, on August 16th, 1917.

I cannot refrain here from expressing my decided opinion that among the many glaring inconsistencies that disfigured the award of Honours, none was more remarkable than the refusal of the V.C. to this chaplain, who merited it as truly as any one of those—all honour to them!—who received it: and not once alone, but twenty times. One hardly knows what to think.

R. H. J. STEUART.

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**East and West:** "So in England of to-day the culture of the cultivated is held very high, and far above that of the mandarin of China. But if we take the lower four-fifths of the inhabitants and compare them with the lower four-fifths of the province of Shantung, about an equal population, the Chinese would appear to many the more intellectually civilized of the two. For the comparison would turn on the actual literature read, the manners and courtesies of daily life, the practical knowledge in the minds of the rural workmen and farmers, the prevalent amusements and, particularly, as a mirror of life, the theatrical representations, the music-hall entertainments or nightly festival of the Western people compared with the historical drama still the delight of the Eastern.

"So again on many sides we meet the sorrowing complaint that the poetry and beauty of rural life, the folk-lore and the peasant songs of the British Isles and all Europe are perishing, like the old picturesque costumes and the old rural sports and pastimes, before an iron uniformity of town-made speech, town-made dress and town-made manners."—*C. S. Devas in "The Key to the World's Progress," pp. 25-6.*



## SOME JEWISH VIEWS OF CHRISTIANITY

**I**N touching on the subject of the controversy between Christianity and the Jews, one comes into contact, of course, with probably the bitterest, and undoubtedly the most ancient, dispute in which the Catholic Church has ever been engaged. It began with the very birth of the Church. The disputes which centred around Photius and Cæularius are ancient; yet they began, the one 800 years, the other 1,000, before the break with Judaism. What new thing, then, can remain to be said, in these late days, about the relations between Christianity and Judaism? The battle surely has been fought out by this time.

However, that is not the case, for each new age brings its own weapons of attack. And it must be remembered that, when there is question of the eternal principles of religion, the age or bitterness of a controversy cannot alter the basic facts of the case. If the Messianic promises were fulfilled in Jesus, that fact remains true, and the estrangements of over sixty subsequent generations cannot alter it, any more than they could make it true if it were *not* true. But the lapse of time has one happy effect that it is more possible to cultivate philosophic calm, a disposition necessary if things are to be looked at in a proper perspective, and if disputants are to keep to the point.

There seems to be, in this country at any rate, an increasing tendency, in Jewish thinkers, to regard Christianity as a whole with philosophic sympathy and to look for points of contact. This does not, however, mean a tendency to belief in it as Revelation. On the latter point, the very confusions, lack of cohesion, and general incertitude, which characterize the mass of English Protestant Christianity, make the latter almost ludicrous in the eyes of a philosophic Jew.

He reads of wars waged for centuries between Mahometan and Christian, hatred between these two creeds surviving even now, and lasting even to our own times . . . He reads of creeds split up into every possible form of dissent, its priests quarrelling about candles and vestments and postures and other like trifles,

till he feels inclined to exclaim with the Psalmist, "He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision" (Ps. ii. 4). And then he turns to his own glorious history, and finds his religion outliving all the rest, unchanged, unsullied, evergreen through the long lapse of ages, surviving still with all the most important forms, prayers, ceremonies, and beliefs of ancient Bible-times. He asks himself: Wherefore this sempiternal life of Israel's creed? . . . He thinks it must be the fulfilment of the Divine law of nature."<sup>1</sup>

This passage is a mingling of truth and fallacy. Its description of Judaism ignores the fall of the Temple and the dispersal of the people: both, from the Christian point of view, facts of vital import. As regards Christianity,<sup>1</sup> the quotation also tells only part of the story. Its vivid description, by an onlooker, of the impression conveyed by the spectacle of battling Christian sects, is useful. Yet it fails to appreciate the fact that, throughout the whole history of the Christian religion, there has also been displayed a principle of *unity*, entirely unique, and much more wonderful than that of Judaism: and Judaism also, by the way, has its sects. We find the warrant of this principle in the very words of the Founder of Christianity, in the shape of His promises to St. Peter, as recorded in the Gospels; we find that principle of unity at work in the very first annals of Christianity, as evidenced, for example, by the letter of St. Clement of Rome to the Christians of Corinth; we find it in full operation over the whole stretch of ecclesiastical history ever since, whether with or without the support of temporal authority. This "sempiternal life of" the Church ruled by the See of Rome is at least as wonderful as that of which the enthusiastic partizan of Judaism writes, in the passage quoted above. Indeed, it is much more so! One of the main factors, in the real or seeming unity of Judaism, is its principle of *narrowness*: its restriction to one race. You have a creed handed down almost exclusively in books and written traditions, most carefully guarded by classes specially set aside for that work; and you have that creed maintained by one nation, narrow and jealous to the utmost extent in its racial isolation. A high degree of unity and survival of type would be easily imaginable in such a case.

The case of the Catholic Church founded by Our Lord

<sup>1</sup> *Religion, Natural and Revealed*, by N. S. Joseph; pp. 269—270.

is, however, very different. Its endeavour has always been to preach Christianity to every nation on earth; its mission makes no distinction between races. Naturally speaking, a religion of this kind would be expected to have in it the very seeds of disunity. Yet the unity of the Catholic Church has been maintained all these long centuries, "evergreen through the long lapse of ages." The mingling, by the above writer, of the Holy See and the Catholic Church in communion with it, into one incoherent mass with all the sects of Protestantism, is a little disingenuous. In that way, of course, the above-quoted passage produces a ridiculous picture of Christianity: but the picture is *untrue*! The very essence of the non-Catholic sects (as such) is their having grown up outside the Church's unity, or having deliberately broken from that unity and so lost the historic tradition of the Holy See—either directly or indirectly. Whereas what constitutes the tradition of the Holy See is the fact of its being the divinely-appointed seat of unity, separation from which at once establishes the separated body or individual in an entirely new and antagonistic relation towards the Catholic Church. It is therefore a manifest logical fallacy to depict Christianity as consisting of the Holy See, and the Church of which it is the centre, in a mass with the multitudinous non-Catholic sects which are at variance with it. The existence of those sects is explicable by reference to historical causes. They were cut off from the Church at various times as dead branches are pruned from a tree. In no other way could unity be maintained, so long as human wills are free and can rebel. Judaism has not this self-protective power, and so even within its narrow borders many sects are to be found, as in Christ's day. The wonderful unity of the Catholic Church has, however, persisted, in spite of its inclusion of all the nations of the earth. The Holy See continues as the visible centre of a united Church; and has so continued during all these centuries, the antagonistic sects, outside its borders, failing to destroy or to divide it. We might, indeed, ask our enthusiastic Jewish writer: If the portents of Judaism are wonderful, and imply a superhuman meaning, then does not the life of the Holy See and the Catholic Church—"eternally vivacious against the gates of death"—imply an even deeper one? This question is emphasized by considerations to which we shall return later on.

Various Jewish writers, as has been remarked above, are evidently endeavouring to regard Christianity from a point of view of philosophic sympathy, and attempting to explain the phenomena which it presents, by theories which will reduce Christianity to a purely natural footing and not involve acceptance of it as Revelation. For example, an interesting writer in a recent number of the *Jewish Chronicle*<sup>1</sup> says:

In order to understand Christianity, it is necessary to recall the condition of Jewry in the century before Jesus was born. The Jews were split into three great parties, the Sadducees, the Pharisees, and the Essenes. . . . The Essenes . . . dreamed mystically of a new world in Heaven, which they regarded as the Kingdom of God, and, in order to prepare themselves for this state of bliss, they withdrew from the world, lived lonely lives in deserts and waste places, eschewed property, marriage, and all social institutions. . . . When Jesus appeared as one of the itinerant Essenes, it was not long before he was hailed as the expected Messiah. . . . The case of Jesus grew into a *cause célèbre* because he became entangled in the political machine. . . . The legends grew thick and fast about his memory. . . . Men told each other that he had risen from the dead, that he was the Son of God, that he had been miraculously born, that his death was to be an atonement for the sins of his people. The stories found currency. . . . A body of doctrine also gradually accumulated round the name of Jesus.

The striking fact, about such theoretical explanations as the above, is that they are built up merely out of the inner consciousness without any endeavour to base them on historic fact or to find for them internal consistency.

Jesus an Essene? It is very uncertain what exactly the Essenes were or believed. "The strangest reports were spread about this mysterious class of Jews."<sup>2</sup> Certainly, however, all historical records depict them as very different from the recorded earthly life of Jesus. They were "a branch of the Pharisees who conformed to the most rigid rules of Levitical purity"; "were particularly scrupulous regarding the Sabbath"; "the line of distinction between Pharisees ('Perushim') and Essenes was never very clearly drawn"; "they did not use oil, as they regarded anointing as a defilement"; "a careful survey of all the facts shows the Essenes to have been

<sup>1</sup> August 5, 1921 ("Letters of Benammi").

<sup>2</sup> *Jewish Encyclopedia*, v. 224.

simply the rigorists among the Pharisees."<sup>1</sup> Philo and Josephus have left us long accounts of the Essenes: Philo, in two versions (the first, and longer one in the treatise *Quod omnis probus liber*, §§ 12—13; the second in the *Ἀπολογία ὑπὲρ Ἰουδαίων*, now lost but quoted in Eusebius, *Præf. Evan.*, viii. 11); Josephus, in the *Wars of the Jews*, ii. viii. It is apparent from this that the Essenes were regarded as a communistic and ascetic sect of extreme zealots. The slightest comparison of their character and tenets with the Gospel accounts of Our Lord's earthly life, or with the doctrines of Christianity, will show that only one conclusion is possible: "Between Essenism, in certain aspects, and Christianity there are some points of resemblance; it could not very well be otherwise, because Essenism was Judaic in its foundation and Christianity was not destructive but progressive. On the other hand, the differences were fundamental."<sup>2</sup>

Then, again, it is quite futile to endeavour to explain the rise of Christianity, or the extraordinary results which followed the death of Jesus, by such remarks as that "the case of Jesus grew into a *cause célèbre* because he became entangled in the political machine." This remark would apply to many pseudo-Messiahs whose names are embedded in the dead records of history and who have left no permanent results. Theudas<sup>3</sup> (about A.D. 44) claimed to be a prophet, secured a large number of followers, and was suppressed by a military force dispatched by Cuspius Fadus. Another, an Egyptian,<sup>4</sup> is said to have gathered 30,000 adherents, promising that, at his command, the walls of Jerusalem would fall; but the procurator, Felix, dispersed the multitude with his soldiery, and thus ended *that* Messiah. Then, again, Menaham ben Judah<sup>5</sup> led an army to Jerusalem, capturing the fortress Antonia, and overpowering the troops of Agrippa II. He behaved as a king, but, rousing the jealousy of Eleazar, a Zealot leader, he was assassinated. The great movement under Bar Kochba was yet more momentous.<sup>6</sup> Revolting against Rome, he was proclaimed Messiah-king by Akiba, who interpreted, as referring to him, such verses as Numbers, xxiv. 17; Aggeus, ii. 21—22; etc. He stirred up a great war

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* v. 224, 225, 229, 230.

<sup>2</sup> Josephus, *Antiquities*, xx. 5, § 1.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 17, § 9.

<sup>4</sup> *Catholic Encyclopædia*, v. 547.

<sup>5</sup> Josephus, *Wars of the Jews*, ii. 13, § 5.

<sup>6</sup> Dio Cassius, *Hist. Rom.*, lxxix. 12—14.

which taxed the might of Rome, but he was defeated and slain on the walls of Bethar.

Now, if "entanglement with the political machine" explains (or even casts light upon) the rise of Christianity, how is it that none of these other movements left permanent results? It is true, those other movements were suppressed by force; but, from that point of view, so was the movement under Jesus. He was crucified, with every circumstance of ignominy; His followers scattered, even doubting their own Master. Yet, from that very death, a great and world-wide religion has come—a religion having all the marks of permanent life in it, which has outlasted Empires. There can only be one explanation of the difference: something abnormal or supernatural centred in the Life and Death of Jesus.

This is not explained by the hypothesis that "men told each other" of a Resurrection; that "stories found currency"; and that "a body of doctrine gradually accumulated." The *miraculous* narratives are contained in the Gospels inextricably mingled with the *non-miraculous*; it is impossible to separate the one class of narratives from the other; each is contained in the same documents which also contains the other; the only logical antagonistic method is to discredit the whole of the Gospel documents and leave Jesus a mere myth or a mere name. This, however, would not only leave the origin of Christianity an inexplicable riddle; it would also be contrary to the evidence which establishes the Gospels as trustworthy documents.

"The special fact to be kept hold of here is that behind each individual miracle there *stands the whole mass of evidence sustaining the historicity and credibility of the Gospels as a whole.*"<sup>1</sup> This is not the place to go into details of that evidence, which is available in the appropriate treatises. In the words of Dr. Sanday,<sup>2</sup> "the results [of New Testament research] might be summed up by saying that the oldest literature of the Church, in its main points and in most of its details, from the point of view of literary history, was veracious and trustworthy." However, in controversy with Jews, as distinguished from anti-religious disputants such as professed rationalists, a very strong point at once emerges, this:

<sup>1</sup> *The Bible under Trial*, by James Orr; p. 191 (Italics Dr. Orr's).

<sup>2</sup> *Criticism of the Fourth Gospel*, p. 42.



*It is impossible to build a case against the veracity of the Christian Gospels except by processes of reasoning which would equally discredit the Scriptures of the Jews: i.e., as Christians say, "the Old Testament"; and, therefore, the Old and New Testaments stand together.*

The book of *Genesis*, said Schultz,<sup>1</sup> is "a book of sacred legend, with a mythical introduction." In that book we can, said Wellhausen,<sup>2</sup> expect to find "no historical knowledge of the patriarchs," but only "a glorified mirage." "The descriptions of the exodus from Egypt," said Kuenen,<sup>3</sup> "the wandering in the desert, and the conquest and partition of Canaan . . . are utterly unhistorical." "We lose," said Professor G. B. Gray,<sup>4</sup> "much of the religious value the Book of *Joshua* possesses while we treat it as history, and, indeed, until we treat it as what it is—romance." "If," said J. M. Robertson,<sup>5</sup> "the religion of Yahweh be compared, in its main aspects, with those around it, instead of being isolated from them in thought as an 'ethical system,' it reveals, even in its highly sophisticated form, the plainest mythical kinships."

We regard such theories as thoroughly unsound. To a great extent, they rest on *à priori* assumptions that miraculous narratives cannot possibly be true (an assumption which is a *petitio principii*); then, again, "resemblances" are too often taken unjustifiably to prove "derivation"; and in many other ways, the school of criticism, which would discredit the O.T., is open to the objection made against it by Dr. J. Orr<sup>6</sup>: "This we take to be the primary vice of the prevailing theory—either, the arbitrary setting-aside of the Biblical narrative in favour of some novel, no doubt highly ingenious, construction of the critic's own; or, the persistent reading into the history, in the interest of some fancy, of a meaning which it cannot be made to bear."

This, then, is our point—if the Jews are going to join with the rationalists in discrediting the New Testament, they must logically accept the rationalist discrediting of the Old. And yet we have learned Jewish writers who elaborate plausible rationalistic "explanations" of Christ and Christian "origins", on bases of rejection of the *miracles* thereof, and who yet

<sup>1</sup> *O.T. Theology*, i. p. 31: (Eng. trans.).

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. of Israel*, pp. 318–319.

<sup>3</sup> *Hexateuch*, p. 42.

<sup>4</sup> Review of Bennett's *Joshua*, 1899.

<sup>5</sup> *Christianity and Mythology*, p. 99.

<sup>6</sup> *Problem of the O.T.*, p. 121.

accept the books of Moses! For example, Dr. Isaac M. Wise<sup>1</sup> said of the *Exodus* narrative of the giving of the Law on Sinai: "There is the united testimony of the whole Hebrew people during all the centuries after that Revelation. The Hebrew people developed itself and its institutions, its religion and its government and its code of ethics, its character and its entire history from and upon that very foundation of the Sinaic revelation." But a similar remark applies to the Resurrection of Jesus. Christian history is founded upon it; the Creeds, liturgies and whole life of Catholic Christendom and of nearly every sect, even, rests upon that Resurrection as a fact. Yet Dr. Wise was also the author of an elaborate work,<sup>2</sup> applying ordinary rationalistic arguments to discredit Christianity as a Revelation. Thus do the Jews saw through the branch which supports them.

The advantage of the Christian argument over the Jewish is this: In order to maintain his argument, the Jew must discredit the Christian Scriptures of the N.T. and invalidate the testimony of Christian history; whereas the Christian accepts and believes the Scriptures of the Jews, which he avers are simply fulfilled in Christianity. To the non-Christian Jewish case it is absolutely vital to discredit and reduce to a delusion the allegations of the greatest facts in history; but the Christian argument is logical and consistent throughout. Which is the more credible?

We are, however, told that the Hebrew Scriptures are not, in fact, fulfilled in the New Testament. "Do the Jews of to-day, or any part of them, find it possible to accept Jesus as the Messiah? The answer is that they do not find it possible so to do. And for the reason that the ideas associated in the Jewish mind with the Messiah not only were left unrealized by Jesus, but have remained unfulfilled to this day."<sup>3</sup> Again: <sup>4</sup> "We know that this kingdom of God, foretold by the Hebrew prophets, has not yet been vouchsafed to us; and, therefore, the Jews maintain that the Messiah and the Messianic times are still to come, bringing in their train the golden age of the human race."

<sup>1</sup> *Judaism and Christianity*, p. 26.

<sup>2</sup> *Origin of Christianity, and Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles*.

<sup>3</sup> H. G. Enelow, *A Jewish View of Jesus*, p. 172.

<sup>4</sup> Paul Goodman, *The Synagogue and the Church*, p. 228.

An exhaustive reply to this would, of course, open up many varied issues; but we may confine ourselves to one or two of the more general. It is true that Mr. Enelow,<sup>1</sup> in common with most Jewish writers, says that the Jewish conception of the Messiah is founded on an agreed central doctrine: "Among all its variations, one thing always remained associated in the Jewish mind with the Messianic hope, namely, that the Messianic age would be an age of human perfection, of human happiness, of justice and peace, as drawn by Isaiah and other prophets . . . Every Jewish Messianic hope is crowned with that vision."

This, however, is not very satisfactory from a logical point of view. The "vision," itself, is very indeterminate and vague. It is founded upon Isaian and other Scriptures which are written in highly symbolical language, and of which an interpretation—much more definite than the Jewish, held by a greater number of people than hold the Jewish, and (unlike the Jewish) founded upon *facts that have already occurred*—is advanced by Christianity. Moreover, Jews are not even agreed amongst themselves on the meaning of the Messiah-prophecies.

"It [the Messiah-idea] originated among the Jews, and among them also it passed through a process of development"; "One cannot help realizing that with the Prophets this idea was almost unconscious"; "In the course of time, the Messianic idea became the subject of conscious speculation and minute discussion"; "In rabbinical writings we find traces of the several forms that the messianic idea gradually assumed in Israel."<sup>2</sup> Again:<sup>3</sup> "It [the Messiah-idea] passed through various phases in Israel . . . The form of the expectation of national triumph varied from time to time according to the conditions of the national fortunes." Again:<sup>4</sup> "The chief point in our Messianic doctrine is the *Future* that we expect, not the man that is to bring it." In short, there is no certainty as to even what the national mind understands by its own Messianic ideal! Even at the present moment, the famous movement, Zionism, parts the Jewish people into different schools of opinion, each of which alleges that the

<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 173—175.

<sup>2</sup> Enelow, *op. cit.*, pp. 107, 111, 112—113, 114.

<sup>3</sup> C. H. Toy, *Judaism and Christianity*, pp. 49—50.

<sup>4</sup> Clementina de Rothschild, *Letters to a Christian Friend*, p. 41.

others do not rightly understand the meaning of the Messianic predictions.<sup>1</sup>

Our conclusions may be summed up under four heads. (1): It is not fair or logical to apply the methods of Rationalist criticism to the New Testament and not to the Old; (2): that, nevertheless, it is absolutely necessary to the non-Christian Jewish case to adopt this inconsistent attitude, whereas the Christian fully accepts the Hebrew Scriptures; (3): the history of Christianity adequately explains that of the Jews, for the prophecies and types are fulfilled in Christ,<sup>2</sup> and also in the fate of the race which rejected Him;<sup>3</sup> and (4): the Jewish argument against the Messiahship of Christ is immensely weakened by the fact that they are not themselves sure of what they mean by the "Messiah."

Christianity being the completion of the Jewish Law, and Catholicism being *consistent Christianity*, we would put the case into an epigram: The logical Jew is a Christian, and the logical Christian is a Catholic.

J. W. POYNTER.

<sup>1</sup> See, e.g., *A Jewish State*, by Dr. Herzl; *Palistine of the Jews*, by N. Bentwich; *Zionism*, by H. Sacher; Dr. Morgenthau, "Zionism, Surrender not Solution," in *The World's Work*, August, 1921; etc.

<sup>2</sup> Matt. i. 1. 17—18; Mark i. 1 f.; Luke i. 32—33; ii. 10 f.; ii. 25—28, 38; Matt. ii. 5—6; cf. Micah. v. 2; Matt. ii. 2; Luke i. 17; ii. 67 f.; Mark ix. 11 f.; etc.

<sup>3</sup> See Leviticus, xxvi. 14—41; Deuteronomy, xxviii. 49—53; Jeremias, v. 15—19; Daniel, ix. 26—27; etc. (Newman, *Grammar of Assent*, Part II. ch. x. § 2, sec. 6 should be compared.)

## AN ENGLISH MISCHIEF-MAKER

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—The following article was intended by its author, Father Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R., to appear in the *National Review*, the journal which printed the indictment of Catholic Moral Theology to which the learned Redemptorist takes exception. Since Mr. Maxse has rejected it because of want of space, we willingly print it here unaltered, although we are not sanguine that it will induce Mr. Stutfield to reconsider his methods. It is a strange though not an infrequent phenomenon in the life of the Church that people will attack Catholic faith and practice without taking the trouble to understand what they assail, and it carries with it this consolation, that they cannot attack without first misrepresenting. Egregious as are Mr. Stutfield's mistakes, inexcusable indeed in a man of liberal education, there is this to be said for him that he is professedly on the side of morality, and does not call evil good. That is some gain in these days of Pagan ethics.]

IN the September issue of the *National Review*, an article has been published, entitled: "Are you a Jesuit?" We are told that we have here "a chapter from Mr. Stutfield's new book, *Priestcraft*, which will be published at the *National Review* office this autumn."

In view of the fact that this article can be demonstrated to be full of statements gravely affecting the character of the dead by imputing to them monstrous doctrines from which they would have shrunk with horror, I trust that the Editor of the *National Review* will see his way to printing this reply. I shall confine myself to dealing with certain of the most obvious misstatements.

Mr. Stutfield's chief aversion is St. Alphonsus de' Liguori. He writes that St. Alphonsus "codified the teaching of the casuists." This is true. The word casuistry has an evil connotation amongst Protestants, yet, if there be such a thing as the moral law, it is evident that casuistry is absolutely necessary. As Mr. Belloc has written: "Casuistry is in morals exactly what case precedent and case law are in our legal system: it is the application of law to particular examples."<sup>1</sup> A casuist is concerned, not with what is the perfect mode of

<sup>1</sup> Pascal's "*Provincial Letters*," by Hilaire Belloc (Catholic Truth Society, Price Twopence).

procedure, but sometimes with whether a given act under given circumstances is forbidden by the moral law, sometimes with whether it is forbidden *sub gravi* (i.e., so that if it be committed the grace of God is lost and the soul is thereby liable to the penalty of Hell), sometimes with whether—quite apart from its intrinsic malice—it involves excommunication, and the like.

Now for Mr. Stutfield. We find him writing as follows (*National Review*, p. 63, note, italics ours):

I append a few doctrinal gems from the divines upon whose treatises Liguori's monumental *Theologia Moralis* is based. Escobar, one of the greatest Jesuits, was *great on the veniality of "short sins."* *He saw no particular harm, for instance, in a priest's laying aside his clerical vestments to visit a house of ill-fame, but says that he must not stay longer than one hour! If he exceeds that time, he sins mortally.*

I blush with shame to transcribe this passage. Of course every Catholic who may read it will know at once, and for certain, that it is simply untrue, but unfortunately Mr. Stutfield's article will be read by many who are not Catholics, and who, accustomed as they are to think evil of Catholics, may believe it, as another class of readers believe the ridiculous allegations of *Maria Monk*. But we will let Mr. Stutfield proceed:

Persons addicted to strong language will be interested to learn that the great Diana, examiner of Bishops to three successive Popes, says that *a man may blaspheme freely, and without grievous offence*, before five people; if there are six, or more listeners *he will be guilty of mortal sin*. Both Diana and Escobar *thought it hard lines* that a priest should be excommunicated merely because he laid aside his habit "ut furetur occulte, ut eat incognitus ad lupanar, vel fornicetur."

These words are the words of a false witness; but of a false witness whom it is not so easy to bring to book, since the works of Escobar and Diana are obsolete and nowadays very inaccessible. So far from its being true that the *Theologia Moralis* of St. Alphonsus "is based" upon them, as Mr. Stutfield asserts, he relies little upon either of them. St. Alphonsus based his theology upon Busenbäum, whose text he reproduced and annotated at great length; his chief authorities are St. Thomas, Suarez, De Lugo (whom he calls "Theologorum post Divum Thomam facile princeps"),



Sanchez, Vasquez, and other great writers. Diana (who, by the way, was not a Jesuit) he considers to be *nimis benignus* (too indulgent), and Escobar is far indeed from being "one of the greatest Jesuits," though he is recognized by St. Alphonsus amongst many others as an "auctor gravis."

It may have been noticed that Mr. Stutfield gives no references for his allegations against Escobar and Diana. I therefore wrote to him asking to supply these references and stating that I reserved my right to publish his reply. He has, however, so far taken no notice of my request.

Diana's work consists of ten very large volumes. After a laborious search through their pages, I succeeded at last in discovering the sources of Mr. Stutfield's calumnies.

(1) In his treatise on Reserved Sins (Tom. I. Tract. 5. *De aliquibus Reservatis atque eorum absolutione*. Resol. lii. p. 297), Diana discusses incidentally the question as to what constitutes *public* blasphemy. It should be explained to readers who are not Catholics that by "a reserved sin" is understood a sin which can ordinarily be absolved only by the Bishop of the penitent if the sin has been "reserved" by the Bishop, and only by the Pope if the sin has been "reserved" by the Pope. There is no question whatever of the *guilt* of sin, but only of its "reservation" by ecclesiastical authority. Moreover it is a recognized principle of Canon Law that all question of reservation (as distinct from guilt) must be interpreted "strictly"—as indeed equity demands to be the case with regard to all penalties. All this being understood, as Diana, of course, took it for granted that it would be understood by all his readers, we may turn to his solution of a difficulty that presented itself to his mind. He states it as follows:

We have here to remark, by the way, that the reserved case of blasphemy concerns blasphemy which is public and habitual. The difficulty that arises is as to what constitutes public blasphemy. I reply that where a blasphemy is pronounced in the presence of at least six persons, there you will find public blasphemy—for that which is uttered in the presence of five people is said to be almost private.

Here we have the foundation for Mr. Stutfield's statement that Diana teaches that "a man may blaspheme *freely, and without grievous offence* before five people; if there are six, or more, listeners he will be guilty of mortal sin"! What-

ever may be thought of Diana's opinion, no one can doubt that his meaning has been misunderstood by Mr. Stutfield.

(2) In the days of Diana, a Monk or Friar who laid aside his Habit, became what is known technically as an Apostate, and incurred excommunication. It is obvious that this extreme penalty would not be incurred merely by a casual laying aside of the Habit; therefore Diana discusses under what circumstances and for how long a time the Habit has to be put off, to incur the legal penalty. Having laid it down that a Religious did not incur excommunication who failed to wear his Habit in his room, or in any other private place—that he might study or rest the better—nor, were he to do so “out of levity—for example, to run or play the better”—he adds: “Nay more, I hold that a Religious does not incur the above-mentioned excommunication, even if he does so ‘ut eat ad lupanar ad fornicandum, vel ut secreto furetur’—provided he assume it again immediately afterwards.” There is not here one syllable about Diana “thinking it hard lines” that a Religious be excommunicated for these offences. Indeed, how could he, when asserting that the offender does not incur the excommunication at all? Self-contradiction would seem to matter little to Mr. Stutfield, if he can thereby indulge in some grotesque caricature of his author's meaning.

I do not know what Mr. Stutfield may think of my laxity, or rather of the laxity of our modern Canon Law, if I state the fact that, at present, excommunication is not incurred by a Religious laying aside his Habit under any circumstances whatsoever, provided he does not intend absolutely to abandon his Order—however grave and deplorable may be the sin that he commits. Yet, as Mr. Belloc observes:

If you say that a man is not excommunicated who has put on lay dress when he was occupied in some evil work, you are not approving the evil work, nor his disguise. What you are saying is that it does not fall into the particular category of that open renunciation of the Habit which was envisaged in the decree of excommunication. So a soldier may be shot for desertion; if you say that mutiny is not desertion, you are not, therefore, excusing mutiny.”<sup>1</sup>

As for Escobar, I have been able to find only his “Manual.” This I have read through, and can safely assert that there is

<sup>1</sup> Belloc, *op. cit.* p. 9. I advise my readers to obtain this pamphlet. They will then see for themselves how untrustworthy is the source from which so many anti-Catholic controversialists have drawn much of their ammunition

not one word about the "short sins" on which Mr. Stutfield states that he is "great," nor anything upon which can be based the loathsome charge that "he saw no particular harm in a priest's laying aside his clerical vestments," etc. I imagine that in one of Escobar's other works, which are now practically inaccessible—at least, I do not know where to find them—it is morally certain that hardly a priest in these countries has seen even their outside—he has said something similar to the dictum of Diana concerning the *penalty of excommunication*.

A further example of Mr. Stutfield's methods may be found in another assertion in the note from which I have already quoted:

By the way, I quoted in my former book Liguori's statement that it is not a *grievous offence* for a son to steal a moderate amount from a rich parent (see *Theologia Moralis* iii. 543), I now learn that the amount *that may be so stolen* varies with the rate of exchange; that is to say, if it was permissible for the son before the war to steal £5 from his father, he *might now* presumably help himself to a larger number of Bradburys.

In the passage quoted from St. Alphonsus, the question concerns *mortal sin*. Every Catholic theologian holds not only that to steal any amount, however small, from a parent or from anybody else is always sinful, but also that sin known technically as "venial" (*i.e.*, in comparison with "mortal" sin) is the gravest evil in this world next to mortal sin, and deserves purgatory in the next. St. Alphonsus gives no special teaching of his own on the subject of stealing from parents, but gives the ordinary teaching, endorsing the statement of Busenbäum: "*Filius peccat graviter, invitis parentibus, notabilem summam accipiens*" ("a son sins mortally by taking a considerable sum from his parents against their will"). He adds that it is not always a *mortal sin* if a son takes an amount from his father—provided it be not really large—which might constitute a mortal sin if taken from a stranger. The reason being given "*Quod parens sit minus invitus, et filius sit aliquid patris*" ("the father is less unwilling than others, and the son forms as it were part of his father"). Whatever we may think of this doctrine—and it seems to me that few will quarrel with it who bear in mind that the essence of theft consists in taking another's goods *against his will*—it concerns only the distinction between mortal sin, and sin which

is still sin, though it does not doom the unrepentant sinner to Hell. Yet, Mr. Stutfield writes complacently about its being "*permissible* for the son before the war to steal," and "presumably" permissible to steal now. "Presumably" in whose view? one wonders. Certainly in no Catholic's.

Mr. Stutfield again raises the old bugbear of the Jesuit teaching that "The end justifies the means." It is enough to say that more than once very large sums of money have been offered in vain to any who will show that any Jesuit has ever taught that any end whatsoever will justify any evil means. Such teaching would be contrary to the first principles of Catholic morality. Mr. Stutfield, however, thinks that he has discovered a new proof of his thesis in a passage concerning which he states that "to the best of my belief it has never been quoted in this controversy before" (p. 65, note). This passage, as he dares to remark, is inserted in "the mire of Liguori's horrible treatise *De usu matrimonii*." What, I wonder, would be said of me were I to use such language as this, when commenting on a celebrated doctor's treatise, say on gynæcology, or a legal treatise on certain aspects of matrimony? It is clear that if it is a necessity for a physician to diagnose the character of diseases, however disagreeable it may be to write about them, it is equally necessary for a spiritual physician—if he is dealing with spiritual maladies in the way of healing shortly and *chastely*—clearly to understand their nature. Medical treatises, however, it may be observed, are written in English, whilst our treatises concerning a certain class of sin are invariably written in a dead language.

As for Mr. Stutfield's new "proof," of which he is so proud, that the end justifies the means, however evil in themselves, if we refer to the passage in St. Alphonsus (Lib. vi. T. vi. 932) we shall find that the words are the words of Busenbäum, and merely lay down a principle which every married person in the world will recognize to be true. To teach the contrary would be to make the married life practically impossible without sin.

Again, Mr. Stutfield writes with all the air of furnishing a shocked world with another gruesome discovery (p. 65, note):

"Liguori also holds that 'a just cause' (the good of the Church is such a cause)[Of course Mr. Stutfield gives no reference, but I feel sure that this last sentence, placed in brackets, is his interpolation], forms a sufficient justification for various reprehensible actions." It entirely depends upon what you





mean by "reprehensible." Neither St. Alphonsus, nor any other Catholic writer, has ever held that either "the good of the Church," or any other cause whatsoever, forms a sufficient, or any, justification for any action that is in itself evil—that is to say, forbidden by the Law of God. For example, no cause will ever justify bearing false witness against our neighbour, or untruthfulness—a lesson which I trust that Mr. Stutfield, if he will condescend to learn from a mere Papist, will lay to heart. On the other hand, it must be clear to all that there are many actions, not in themselves evil, which would indeed be "reprehensible" if performed without a cause, but which are amply justified (sometimes, indeed, become obligatory upon the conscience) where there is "a just (that is an adequate) cause."

For example, it is lawful to shoot a man in one's own self-defence—a duty for a soldier in a just war; it is lawful for a surgeon to amputate a limb. Without a just and adequate cause, to kill my neighbour is an act of murder, to mutilate the body (of myself or another) is a crime against God and man. Examples to the same effect might be multiplied indefinitely, and will occur to the meanest intelligence. Thus another of Mr. Stutfield's bogies vanishes into thin air. His mare's-nests are manufactured by his brain, because, evidently, he will not read the authorities whom he criticizes so freely, nor master their principles and the meaning of the technical terms which they employ. This is the only possible excuse that can be made for him. It would be generally recognized to be a poor excuse, indeed, if urged on behalf of critics who were ignorantly to calumniate the works of medical or scientific men—or of Protestant moralists. Cardinal Newman pointed out long ago how easy it would be, by following the methods that Mr. Stutfield has so complacently assimilated, to make nonsense of the writings of our great authorities on constitutional law—by, for example, taking out of its true context and meaning such an axiom as: "The King can do no wrong."

Moral Theology is a science. Before any man can hope to understand the works of Moral Theologians he must understand the first principles of their science and its terminology. Mr. Stutfield's hopeless misunderstanding of that which is clear to anyone who has ever studied Jesuit or other Catholic authors, might simply exemplify this fact, and show the danger of accepting calumnies (as I think he manifestly has



done) second or third hand. But Mr. Stutfield's inaccuracies and misstatements go further. For example, he writes not only that St. Alphonsus is "the darling of the Jesuits,"<sup>1</sup> but also that "the Society was instrumental in obtaining his canonization. Moreover, it induced Pius IX. to make him one of the nineteen great Doctors of the Church, and heaped on his head every possible honour." As a matter of sober fact, the Society of Jesus was not in existence when the cause of St. Alphonsus' canonization was introduced; while no Religious Order, however powerful, can induce the Pope to declare a Saint to be a Doctor of the Church. In the case of St. Alphonsus, between 1865 and 1870, over seven hundred Bishops, Archbishops and Cardinals, several Universities, and *twenty-five Heads of Religious Orders*, prayed the Pope to confer this honour on the great Moral Theologian. So that Father Beckz, the General of the Jesuits, in petitioning the Pope to this effect, only represented one Religious Order out of many, and specifically relied in his request upon the petitions of Bishops throughout the world.

Something worse is to follow. Mr. Stutfield, in summarizing the Brief of Suppression, writes that:

The Pope stigmatized the practices and precepts of the Order as "so absolutely infamous and demoralizing that I do not wish to use the language which is necessary to describe them." He therefore said that he was compelled to do his duty to God, to the Church, and to the World, and abolish the Order, even though it might be at the cost of his own life.

It is difficult to believe, but it is the fact that there is not a word in the Brief in any way corresponding to all this. The words placed by Mr. Stutfield in "quotes" are not to be found there, nor any words in any way like them, nor does the Pope say a syllable about risking his life.

Mr. Stutfield tells us that he has already published a book, which I have not seen, called *The Roman Mischief-Maker*. If he is himself English by nationality—with all my heart I hope that this is not the case, but if he is—is he not an English Mischief-Maker? He casts suspicion upon many of his fellow-countrymen, as loyal as himself, and certainly as great lovers of truth, who have devoted their lives to the service of God

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Stutfield has learnt something since he wrote his last book. He now perceives that St. Alphonsus was "not actually a member of the Jesuit Order"; wishing the while to imply that there was some official connection between the Saint and the Society. The evil connotation of the word "Jesuit" is too useful to be lost.

and their neighbour, many of them men to whom has been entrusted by their parents the education of some of the brave Englishmen who shed their blood for their country on the fields of France and Flanders and throughout the world. If I were a Protestant, I should cry out to Mr. Stutfield, and his like, "Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis."

He who strikes at the Fathers of the Society of Jesus and the morality of their teaching strikes at us all; he who impugns their honour, impugns our honour, which, little as Mr. Stutfield may understand it, is dearer to us than life.

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To my amazement, the Editor of *The National Review*, returning me this article, for which he has no room in his magazine, took the trouble to assure me that Mr. Stutfield's article "is generally regarded as moderate." If so, it is "generally regarded as moderate," to quote incorrectly in order to vilify the living and the dead—and this without giving references to works which are generally inaccessible, but which on examination are found to contain none of the shocking and dreadful statements attributed to them—and this in an article which will be widely read by numbers of persons who will have no opportunity of checking the false statements attributed to their fellow countrymen and fellow-Christians.

Mr. Stutfield, then, must hold in a sense, which, had it not been for his Editor's letter to me, I should have hoped was exclusively his own, that the end justifies the means, however vile, provided the end be to slander Jesuits and give pain to Catholics.

#### ADDENDUM.

On September 11th, as I mentioned above, I sent the following letter to Mr. Stutfield:

Sir,—I shall be much obliged if you will furnish me with the references in the works of Escobar and Diana for the statements which you attribute to them in the note on page 63 of the current number of the *National Review*.

I ask this question because I have spent three hours this afternoon in searching for them in vain. [In the excellent library at Downside Abbey—one of the very few places in England where there would be any hope of finding these books.] I have found the passage in Diana on which evidently you have based your charge with regard to blasphemy. But I can find no trace of any authority for your other statements, although Escobar

is a small book and Diana has an excellent Index. [The next morning after another prolonged search I discovered, as will be seen by my article, the reference to Diana on which the second charge was founded, though it is not referred to anywhere in his Index. At the time of writing I did not know that Escobar had written any book excepting the work to be found at Downside, in which there is nothing whatsoever to lend any colour to Mr. Stutfield's statements.] I reserve my right to publish this letter, together with any reply with which you may honour me.

Your obedient servant,

O. R. VASSALL-PHILLIPS.

I have stated in my article that I have received no reply to this letter. However, this morning (September 23rd)—literally at the eleventh hour, after my article has already been printed—the following answer has come from Mr. Stutfield:

Dear Sir,—I have just found your letter on my return from a short holiday. The authorities for my statements are given in the note on p. 63 of my N.R. Article. The reference to Escobar given in Archdeacon Sinclair's *Charges*, p. 420, is as follows: *Universæ Theologiæ Moralis receptiores absque lite sententiæ [nec non] problematicæ disquisitiones*, Tom. I. 1, probl. 44, n. 213. *Lugduni, 1652 (Ed. Bibl. Acad. Cant.)*. I hope this lengthy and (to me) somewhat cryptic<sup>1</sup> reference [it does not seem even dimly to have dawned upon him that it was *his* duty to find the reference which he professes to quote textually] will enable you to find the passage in question. As given in full by the Archdeacon it is much more striking than my brief summary in the review. For Diana, see the same authority, and also Pascal's 6th Provincial Letter, which also alludes to an "absolutely horrible" passage in Escobar on the same subject. By all means publish this correspondence, if you think it of sufficient public interest—which I take leave to doubt.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

As soon as possible after the receipt of this letter I consulted the Catalogue of the British Museum, but found there only Escobar's *Manual*, the volume I had seen at Downside, besides one or two other works of his not connected with casuistry. However, at length I discovered the incriminated

<sup>1</sup> The reference given by Mr. Stutfield is not only "cryptic"—it is rendered unintelligible and impossible to translate in consequence of his omission of the words *nec non* before *problematicæ*.

passage as quoted by Pascal (from the Lyons Edition) in his Sixth Provincial Letter.<sup>1</sup>

As I felt sure would be the case, it concerns not the guilt of sin, but the penalty of excommunication, and gives the common teaching with regard to the penal ecclesiastical law of the period—more severe, it may be noted, than is our present code—but there is not one syllable about “longer than one hour.”<sup>2</sup> Escobar, like Diana, simply teaches that the excommunication is not incurred provided the Habit be soon (*mox*) reassumed. It may be noted that Pascal quotes Diana perfectly correctly (Vol. V. p. 20), showing that there is merely question of *apostasy and consequent excommunication*—so that it is plain that Archdeacon Sinclair, a noted Protestant controversialist in his day, too blindly followed by Mr. Stutfield who does not pretend to have verified his quotations, altered the extract to suit his purposes. I doubt whether Mr. Stutfield has read even Pascal, and as for Escobar, he gives a reference which he honestly owns to be “somewhat cryptic” in his eyes. In his *National Review* article he thus gives his references: “Numerous other examples are to be found in Pascal’s *Letters*, and see Archdeacon Sinclair’s *Charges*, p. 420.” When I first read this, perhaps I may be excused for thinking that Sinclair’s *Charges* referred to “the numerous other examples,” not to those alleged by Mr. Stutfield himself. But let that pass. We know now, from Mr. Stutfield’s letter to me, that “the authorities for my statements” are Pascal and Archdeacon Sinclair.

Archdeacon Sinclair’s [Archidiaconal] *Charges*, published in 1867, is not a book which many of Mr. Stutfield’s readers are likely to have consulted. However, I found it in the British Museum, and, as I have said, traced Mr. Stutfield’s misquotations to their original source. The Archdeacon writes (p. 420):

Diana gives a further security to the blasphemer. He informs us that blasphemy is not to be regarded as a public, and therefore *mortal sin*, unless the blasphemous words are uttered in presence of at least six persons not belonging to the family.

For which false statement he gives the quite inadequate reference (Diana, p. 61), Diana’s works running, as I have pointed out already, to ten large volumes. For the actual words used by Diana see above, p. 317.

With regard to Escobar, Archdeacon Sinclair writes (as

<sup>1</sup> Vol. V. p. 20, in a standard French Edition, Regnier, *Les Grands Ecrivains de la France*.

<sup>2</sup> As alleged by Mr. Stutfield, p. 63, note.

Mr. Stutfield tells us, "in full"): "This indefatigable Jesuit . . . smoothes the way for a Popish priest in spite of all the Commandments: 'A man of a Religious Order, he says, who for a short time lays aside his Habit for a sinful purpose, *is free from serious sin*, and does not incur the penalty of excommunication.'" The words which I have italicized have been deliberately slipped in by the Archdeacon, are, of course, absolutely false, and are not to be found in Escobar. If this were not certain from the text, it would become so from the fact that they are not to be found as quoted by Pascal. What are we to think of this manifestly false witness? The Archdeacon has gone to his dread account, but the Editor of *The National Review* and Mr. Stutfield are still with us. Mr. Maxse has "no room" for a refutation of his contributor's article, for which by its insertion he has made himself responsible, whilst Mr. Stutfield seems quite unaware of the fact that, on second or third hand evidence, he has grievously assailed the character of the dead, and done his best to injure multitudes of the living in the estimation of their fellow-men. We who are still alive have no remedy but to deny and disprove his misstatements, and even that small satisfaction is refused us in the magazine which spread them broadcast over the land.

Mr. Stutfield, in his credulous following of Archdeacon Sinclair, has gone far beyond Pascal. Thus do lies grow apace. Pascal was carried away by his theological rigorism and unhappy dislike of the Society—a dislike which had its roots in the Society's opposition to the heresy of Jansenism, now extinct but at one time the great danger, not only to the Faith, but also, like all forms of Puritanism, to true morality. But Pascal, disingenuous as he often is, could never, like Archdeacon Sinclair, have stooped to sheer fabrication of evidence.

I would ask Mr. Stutfield: Does he intend to proceed with the publication of his book, in a specimen chapter of which are to be found the calumnies that I have exposed? And I would ask the Editor of *The National Review*: Does he continue to think Mr. Stutfield's article "moderate," and are his controversial methods still to his liking?

O. R. VASSALL-PHILLIPS, C.SS.R.

## MR. JOHN POLLOCK AND THE VEN. JOHN GAVIN, S.J.

SOME years ago Mr. Pollock published an ample volume entitled the *Popish Plot*. By most reviewers his book was well received, chiefly, I suppose, because Mr. Pollock bears a name honoured among lawyers and had confined his investigations mainly to various legal documents connected with the "plot." Basing his work in great part upon the "panier à salade" of documents entitled "State Trials,"<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pollock also set out a number of documents among the State Papers, then uncalendared, and a few from the library of the Marquess of Bath. The latter are of little use. The general effect of Mr. Pollock's work was to strip Oates's tale of the more obvious lies with which the latter and his accomplices garnished it and to demonstrate to his own satisfaction that nevertheless there was a great deal at the bottom of it all. In short, Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey was murdered, probably at Somerset House, and Jesuits were at the bottom of it all. I do not think I am doing Mr. Pollock any injustice by thus summarizing the effect of his book.

Mr. Pollock found some trenchant critics at the time, in the late Father John Gerard, S.J.,<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Alfred Marks,

<sup>1</sup> Most writers on seventeenth century trials make this mistake. I do not think it is possible to criticize this utterly uncritical collection too severely. Nearly all the documents reprinted in it are mutilated—shorn of their prefaces and endings, and deprived of their title-pages and imprints—so that it is not possible to see whether any particular document is genuine or false. In addition a number of common frauds are set out in full, e.g., the "Speeches and Prayers" of the regicides, "Depositions about the Fire of London," and the account of his trial by the rascally anabaptist "teacher" and bookseller Francis Smith ("Elephant Smith"). The bibliography of the "Popish Plot" was printed at the time in "Catalogues," of which there are copies at the British Museum. The most complete of these is entitled: "A General Catalogue of all the stich'd books and single sheets, &c. Printed the last two years. Commencing from the first discovery of the Popish Plot (September, 1678) and continued to Michaelmas Term, 1680. Very useful to Gent. that make collections." About 2,000 documents are listed in this Catalogue, for which see under the heading "Catalogues" (in chronological order) at the British Museum. Useful notes, by a contemporary collector, are to be found upon some copies.

<sup>2</sup> THE MONTH, July, 1903.

but neither of them noticed the facts to which I am about to call attention.

One Jesuit singled out by Mr. Pollock for a particularly odious accusation, made in the worst possible taste, was the Ven. John Gavin, S.J., a Wolverhampton priest, martyred at Tyburn on June 20, 1679. Father Gavin's name was variously spelt at the time as "Gaven," "Gaben," "Gavan," and "Gawen," but originally it was "Jevon."<sup>1</sup> When describing the unfortunate fate of the five Jesuit martyrs on page 201 of his book, Mr. Pollock makes the following allegations about Father Gavin:

Yet more unfortunate, since it brought laughter with it, was the fate of Father John Gavan, the famous martyr and Jesuit, who was likened to an "angel of God" and his voice in preaching to a "silver trumpet," for, having done battle in his youth with the lust of the flesh, he was seized at the height of his reputation in the stables of the Imperial Ambassador, where he was hiding with a woman who passed as his wife and their son.

There is a reference note to this passage, by way of "proof" of these assertions, which I will proceed to quote and verify later on.

Now of course it would be quite possible, on the face of it, at a time when (as Mr. Pollock himself would be the first to admit) lies of all kinds were being printed about Papists in general and Jesuits in particular, that some one in some tract or newsletter should have impeached the moral character of Father Gavin or his companions, and it is moreover quite certain that if Father Gavin had ever, at any time in his life, been impeached of any act of immorality, the pamphleteers of the time would have been vociferous in tracts and songs on the subject. Writing with a somewhat intimate knowledge of the tracts of the times and of the songs circulated, I have no hesitation in asserting that not one of them ever impeached the moral character of Father Gavin or of his fellow martyrs. No hint of the accusation made by Mr. Pollock is to be found in the printed accounts of the trials or in the newsletters and newspapers of the times, and no whisper of it, even, is to be found in any of the tracts published by Miles Prance, the Catholic goldsmith, who from the weakness of character and the state

<sup>1</sup> *Harleian Soc.* lxiii. 141. The family lived at Sedgley in Staffordshire.



of fear he was in at the time, was carefully picked out by Shaftesbury and tortured into perjury.<sup>1</sup> Prance made a number of accusations of this kind in print against individual priests, mentioning their names, but never did he attack the moral characters of any one of the victims of the plot, particularly the five Jesuits. And I think I am right in adding that the so-called priests, whose names he did mention, probably never existed, and that in any case nothing is known of any one of them. I can give no better instance of a document which would be certain to mention an accusation of the kind made by Mr. Pollock than the booklet entitled: "The Cabal of several notorious Priests and Jesuits discovered, as William Ireland, Tho White, alias Whitebread . . . William Harcourt . . . John Fenwick . . . John Gaven, alias Gawen, and Anthony Turner, &c. Printed in the year 1679." The seventeen short chapters into which this work is divided consist almost entirely of accusations of the foulest kind, brought against Jesuits by name, but not one of the martyrs it enumerated in its title page is even implicated in any one instance. All the examples given in this tract were taken from Continental sources, and are indescribably offensive.

The "laughter" of which Mr. Pollock wrote, therefore, was something of which the whole of the writers of the times, without any exception, were wholly ignorant. Mr. Pollock's first allegation was untrue. I propose now to examine the documents upon which he relied for the rest of his statement. Mr. Pollock's footnote to the passage I cited runs as follows:

S.P. Dom, Charles II. 411. 87. a paper endorsed by Sir Joseph Williamson, "25 January 1678/9, Gavan the priest, information &c." Ibid 92. "It was Sir William Waller who, by a warrant from the Council, seized Gavan in Count Wallensteins, the Imperial Ambassadors, stables in bed." Foley V. 454. Le Fleming M.S.S. 155.

<sup>1</sup> For the state of fear Prance was in, previous to his arrest, see the narrative of William Boys. Prance was arrested on 21st December, thrown in the condemned hole at Newgate, loaded with irons, and kept without food until the 24th. The Privy Council was so shocked at the state he was in on that day (his first appearance before them) that "his chains were ordered to be taken off and meat and wine sent for to refresh him." (Letter of Dec. 24, by Henry Muddiman). It is certain that he was racked, probably from the first, for when he recanted his confession on the 30th, the Lord Chancellor mentioned the rack. (See Cal. S.P. Dom. 1678, p. 593. The original document in this Calendar should be consulted, for Sir Joseph Williamson's notes are almost hieroglyphic and the only certain word in the sentence is "rack.")

Thus, Mr. Pollock based his accusation upon four documents, the two first being State Papers, the third being Foley's Records, which do not impeach Father Gavin's character at all and need not further be discussed, and the last of which is a newsletter, written by Sir Joseph Williamson's clerk, Robert Yard, calendared on page 155 of the "Calendar of the MSS. of Mr. Le Fleming at Rydal Hall." This also does not endorse the accusation in any way.

Thus the sole document to which Mr. Pollock can refer as proof of his allegation that Blessed John Gavin was "hiding with a woman who passed as his wife, and their son," is one which he does not even quote. Before I supply his omission and quote the document in question a few preliminary remarks are necessary.

Mr. Pollock's book was published in 1903. Since that date the State Papers have been renumbered and are now calendared in the "Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series," for 1679—80, edited by Mr. Blackbourne Daniell and published in 1915. So that "S.P. Dom. Charles II. 411. 87" is now summarized on p. 51 of this Calendar and is now renumbered 411. 49., the previous and following items, noted also on the same page being, respectively, the original document and Sir Joseph Williamson's note about it.

A Proclamation had offered £50 for the apprehension of Father Gavin, and thus a servant whose name was Jean Barth. Schibber turned traitor to his master, Count Wallenstein, and betrayed the fact that Father Gavin was hiding in the Ambassador's stables, and was to be sent into safety abroad disguised as a groom, in charge of some horses the Count intended to buy. Schibber, therefore, went to see Sir Joseph Williamson, and to perpetuate his infamy, wrote the letter now numbered 48 in Volume 411 of the State Papers, requesting that his signature might be torn off it, in case others desired to see the letter. Fortunately, Sir Joseph Williamson's note has preserved his name and the fact that the Secretary of State was compelled to have a translation of Schibber's letter made for his own use seems to prove that he did not understand French.

Mr. Blackbourne Daniell's summary of Schibber's letter, set out on page 51 of the Calendar, is as follows:

I write to assure you again of what I told you this evening

and to give a more particular description of the person. He is from 40 to 45 years of age, of a middle size and has a hump. He speaks French a little and Italian well and perhaps will say he is an Italian. He gives himself out as a groom hired by M. le Comte to buy English horses to take with him. To know the difference between him and the coachman of M. le Comte, the latter is one eyed and taller and stronger than the other and has had the small pox. He lodges alone with his wife and little boy in that mews. It has been further confirmed to me this evening that it is he who is named in the last proclamation.

Thus far the summary, and though it does not say that the wife and child "passed" as Father Gavin's wife and child, it can certainly be read to infer that the wife and child were Father Gavin's. The summary, therefore, I regret to state, is not accurate, and over and above this both Mr. Daniell's two last Calendars are seriously marred by their continual references to Mr. Pollock's most misleading book.

The original letter runs as follows:

Monsieur

Je viens encore une fois vous assurer de ce que ie vous ay dit ce soir et pour mieux éclaircir l'affaire affinqu' on ne manque point ou éviter les accidents inconveniens ie m'en va vous faire icy un peu plus près le portrait de la personne. Monsieur, il est selon mon jugemt; environ 40 ou 45 an de l'age le teint assez beau, la barbe nouvellement rasée, d'une grandeur mediocre d'un home, bossu de tous les deux épaules, un peruke brune, il parle un peu françois et bon italien, et peut estre dire qu'il soit Italien de nation, et pour mieux passer il dit qu'on luy aye accepté pour palfrenier que Monsieur le Comte pretend d'acheter des chevaux anglois pour les emmener avec luy et le cocher de Monsiur le Comte, celui cy est borgne, qui est une marque infallible, plus grand et robuste que l'autre et printé de la petite vérole, il loge tout seul avec sa femme et un petit garçon son fils daus cette écurie, il n'y a point postillon, &c.

So that the wife and child were the coachman's wife and child, and that this was Sir Joseph Williamson's impression the translation cited by Mr. Pollock proves:

He is according to my judgment about 40 or 45 years old a pretty good complexion, his beard lately shaven, of an ordinary stature, crooked in both his shoulders, wears a brown periwig, speaks some French and good Italian, and may give himself out to be of that nation, and to pass the better says that he is taken to be a groome that Mons<sup>r</sup> the Count pretends to buy

English horses, to take with him, to see what difference there is between him, and the Counts coachman who is purblind. Which is an infallible marke, bigger and stronger than the other, has pocholes in his face: He lodges alone with his wife and a little boy his son. In this stable there is neither postillion nor groomer that belongs to Mons<sup>r</sup> the C. In fine the thing is clear and true and it has been again confirmed to me this evening that it is he who is in the Kings last Proclamation. I will not faile to-morrow at six a clocke to waite upon you in your office. Sir there is the best oppertunity in the world to take him in the daytime, for the horses and a coach being to be sold, some body may be sent thither on pretence of buying the one or the other, and so go into the stable without any suspition, being in the stable, the person may say he would hire it since the Count is going away, and that all may be seen he ordinarily goes out with the coachman, the better to disguise himself, or if a guard was placed right over agst. the stable to take him in the street, in case you would not enter into the Counts apartment, for he certainly goes out about noon with the coachman to come hither to Masse.

Sir Joseph Williamson's note about all this is as follows:

Information of Evers [sic, Gavin] from Jean Barth. Schibber &c. The stables are in Northumberland (?) stables. Those of C[ount] W[allen]stein are directly over against the great gate, a little on the right hand near the pond &c. Lodged last night there in the stable or hay loft. Take care he slip not away backwards: A little stooping, a shortish man &c Came in a livery.

Mr. Pollock's second authority in the State Papers, noted by him as No. 92, will be found on page 57 of the Calendar, and is a Whig newsletter. Lastly, Yard, in his newsletter in the Le Fleming Calendar, describes the arrest as follows:

On Saturday night Gaben, one of the Jesuits mentioned in the Kings proclamation, was taken in the dress of a groom in the Emperors Ambassadors stables.

Mr. Pollock's accusation is thus disproved by his own authorities. It is scandalously false in all its circumstances.

Over four months elapsed before the five Jesuits were tried, and at last, on June 13, 1679, they were "brought in guilty of the late horrid conspiracy for murder of his Sacred Majesty." The next day the Catholic barrister, Lang-

horne, was also convicted and all six were sentenced "to be drawn, hanged and quartered." On June 19th Sir George Jefferies, Recorder of London, sent his order to the sheriffs for their execution on June 20th (Friday), on which day the five Jesuits alone were executed. The King then stepped in and granted their relations "Dame Dorrington, Catherine Wilford, Anne Jones, Mary Browne and Mary Cotton" permission to bury their bodies. On July 14th, the Ven. Richard Langhorne, who had been respited for a time, was,

according to his sentence, hanged and quartered at Tyburn. He showed himself a right son of the Roman church, keeping close to the example of his fathers, the Jesuits, who had lately gone before him, protesting his innocence and ignorance of the plot; as he had done in his declaration affixed to his petition that was presented to his Majesty at Hampton Court. The Law being satisfied in his execution, his body was by his Majestys favour permitted to be privately buried by his friends, as were those of the Jesuits lately executed, which were laid side by side all together in one grave in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, where his body is buried near them.

Finally Blessed Oliver Plunkett was buried in the same grave, and his body was afterwards removed by Abbot Corker. I do not know whether any tradition exists about the exact spot in the churchyard in which the six martyrs lie, but in all probability it would be near the tomb of another Catholic, Richard Penderel, who saved the King's life after the battle of Worcester, when he took refuge in the oak at Boscobel. Richard Penderel died on February 8th, 1672, and the altar tomb erected to his memory is easily found in the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields.

J. G. MUDDIMAN.

## PAGES FROM THE PAST

### CHAPTER XVII.

AS no one, so far as I am aware, has ever accused me of being *laudator temporis acti*, and I often hear myself protesting against the charge, I can't help suspecting that there must be something in it. Perhaps everyone who can remember nearly three-score years (I was sixty when the first of these Pages appeared) is by inclination a praiser of past days. One's earliest remembered years are like one's earliest remembered friends, and are seen through a glorifying haze, a mist of tenderness that may be the mist of tears, the haze of loss. If seen still at all, those days and friends can only be seen with our child eyes, for they are out of sight of our present eyes.

As a child I know I was not so much *laudator* as *cultor temporis acti*: I thought no one could help it. I suspected no faults in my idol. It simply never occurred to me that there must have been many drawbacks to the privilege (which I envied) of living in the days of Stage Coaches. Even a dozen years ago, when I knew well a very old gentleman of our village who *had* lived in them, his abuse of them irritated me; his insistence on the inconveniences and rigours of winter travel by coach seemed to have a smack of materialism. "No doubt," said he, sarcastically, "it was very fine and picturesque to be driven in to Salisbury of a winter's evening, with your pretty snow deep on the fields, and deeper where it was drifted on the roads—to catch the coach and find all the places in the coach, or even *on* it, taken: and just have to drive back again!"

"Why then you could say to yourself *A cold journey saved* and return with pleasure to the comfort of your own warm house, your red fire, and your comfortable bed."

"And how if your servants had gone out a junketing? And you returned to find your house locked against you, and no fire when you did get in? And how if you had business in London next morning and couldn't get there?"

"But did you always miss the coach?"

"I never" (sharply) "missed the coach. But I often found all the places taken, or all the *inside* places taken. It was

the height of luxury to be the end man on a narrow seat of a windy, sleety night, your feet and legs dangling in the air, the water pouring down them off the tarpaulin rug, and the wind blowing up them. If you went to sleep a jolt at a corner was likely enough to jog you off altogether, and to go to sleep (if you could) was the only way to deaden your misery. A stage-coach looks fine on a Christmas Card, but it was beastly to travel by . . ."

"How about furniture?" asked another friend, discussing past and present.

I must confess that I was born at a very ugly period of furniture. I am not sure whether 1858 ranks as early Victorian or Mid-Victorian, but I admit that the furniture-dealers had their shops full of ugly stuff, and people who filled their houses out of them had ugly rooms. The hideous *Chiffonier* was in its glory, and the rose-wood arm-chairs "to match" (a great word with those who liked the chiffonier) did match it with lamentable fidelity; so did the "pier-glass" which adorned every moral chimney-piece: it was in fact apt to be a larger replica of the looking-glass rising behind the white marble "shaped" top of the chiffonier. The front of that fell article of furniture was apt also to boast a looking-glass, so placed as to reflect nothing but the legs of visitors or chairs. The arm-chairs were not so comfortable as to atone for their ugliness of form: a crinoline could not be accommodated upon a comfortable chair.

Carpets were ugly too, and the ugliness of the pattern was made as much of as possible by running the carpet up to every wall and into every corner. They were apt to be extremely floral—and beautiful as arum-lilies, cabbage roses, holly-hocks and dahlias are in nature their reproduction *au naturel* in a carpet does not result in beauty. "Conventional" representation was not attempted.

The hearth-rug was "to match" the carpet—the same design reduced in size, but not reduced in ugliness.

The coal-box was a great feature, obtrusively expensive, and much *en evidence* as to position. To make it match anything was a labour, though of love, and sometimes it did match the carpet by means of a painted floral panel on the principal slope—it was all slopes: occasionally, in very luxurious instances, the floral panel was under glass; it was likely to be oval in form—as was the looking-glass in the front of the chiffonier. The "pier-glass" and the glass on the *top*



of the chiffonier were "domed," and were crowned with bunches of flowers, and rosewood fruit suggesting hardness.

If the wall-paper matched the carpet and hearth-rug great was the glory, and if the chintz matched both (and the curtains) it was a triumph. Curtains were much festooned and over them was a deep (and expensive) vallance of fringe (also expensive) each twist of the fringe ending in a sort of tassel with a wooden core.

The middle of the room had an oval "loo-table," on which no one ever played loo. It was sometimes bare, but oftener had a cloth, blood-relation to the carpet, flowery and fringey, and frequently chenille. In either case it would support a Stonehenge of books, each trilithon consisting of brilliantly cloth-bound books, furiously gilded; they were described as "presentation" works, and were not intended for perusal, but for ornament.

The centre-piece might be wax flowers or fruits, or "Parian marble" groups, or single figures or vases; in all cases they were guarded from flies by glass shades mounted on wooden bases, and rimmed round at the bottom with chenille circlets to prevent the ingress of dust. Why those figures, groups, or vases, were called Parian marble I don't know: they did not come from Paros, and they were not made of marble, but of a white china something like biscuit.

Ormolu was much esteemed: the clock on the chimney-piece was probably ormolu, and if so the candelabra matched it. If a Knight supported the clock two bigger Knights (baronets, perhaps) supported the candelabra. But there were sometimes "lustres" instead of candelabra: and it was a great pleasure to jingle the "drops" together—if you were young enough and your hostess had not come down.

The pictures were very likely to be engravings after Landseer, or possibly chromo-lithographs a good deal after the great early Victorian water-colourists.

The fender and fire-irons were important and aggressive, of glittering steel, relieved by gilt.

Of course the rooms I am trying to describe were expensive. *We* boasted no such drawing-room: we were too poor: and our own parlour was neither fashionable nor actively ugly. I daresay, nay I know, that in the same houses with the costly, unhomely, hideous drawing-rooms, there were secondary rooms where people really lived, shabbier, at all events not so smart, with comfortable out-of-date furniture,





and survivals of really good things made in superannuated periods of better taste. Up in bedrooms (not the "best" bedrooms) you would find in shady corners things worth finding, but no longer worthy of the drawing-room, or morning-room; you would be still more likely to find them in the lumber-room.

I have known flounced and muslin-covered dressing-tables which were really beautiful old spinets in petticoats, bearing the names of famous makers, fine pieces of furniture, and sometimes fine examples of decoration, for we know that great artists have been engaged on this kind of painting.

In dark passages upstairs, in sewing-maids' workrooms, and in servants' bedrooms, there often lurked good pieces of Chippendale, Sheraton or Adam, especially in the form of "presses," tables, and chairs: too useful to be discarded altogether, too good to be tolerated in "company" rooms during an age of hopelessly bad taste.

That bad taste was, perhaps, at its worst in objects whose sole, or main, purpose was ornament: only a really fine taste can make beautiful what is not intended for any use. In unconscious obedience to the same law the necessary articles of furniture became uglier as they became more ornate.

All this time I have had in mind rooms and houses inhabited by opulent families in London, its suburbs, or provincial towns and *their* suburbs. The Victorian invasion of ugliness hardly affected the country-house. The country-house is not readily responsive to the pulse of fashion. In country-house drawing-rooms half a generation, or even a whole generation, works little change: the things are too good, and too well known to be too good, to be blown out of window by every gust of "taste."

Nevertheless I can remember instances even of country-houses grievously afflicted nearly half-a-century ago by the supposed necessity for fresh "interior decoration": it led to a murrain of black and gold. Wainscots, doors, staircases, chimney-pieces were "ebonized" and "picked out" with gold. It spoiled the character of many rooms, and so put out of character their furniture as (in one house I remember) to cause the hostess to "ebonize" her fine old Chippendale and Sheraton. Not everyone admires "marble tops": but the old French cabinet-makers knew how to combine great slabs of Mexican-onyx, *rosso antico*, and *vero antico* with most beautiful work, and certainly rare marbles are not

beautified by a coat of black enamel lined round the edge with gilt. I remember a fine French clock, of bronze and gold, painted black and gold, and the frame of the magnificent mirror over the chimney-piece on which it stood.

About then, or a little earlier, there was a feverish revival of the passion (never extinct, nor long dormant) for old china. China-closets were ransacked and whole dinner-services "mounted" for display upon walls. Much of the china was really old, and really good and beautiful: but it hardly gained by being affixed to wooden platters covered with velvet. It was only after I had gone to live in London, ten years later, that Liberty swam into my ken. He was at all events a real reformer in so far as he knocked on the head Mid-Victorian furniture: but his followers chose to denounce not only it but "mahogany"—as if the most beautiful furniture English cabinet-makers had ever designed had not been largely made of mahogany. Being myself already a fervent admirer of Chippendale, Sheraton, Adam, and the French *ébénistes*, I did not catch the infection of the Liberty-fashion. I was glad he had banished Brussels carpets, but the substitution of innumerable small "Liberty" rugs on terribly slippery floors did not content me so completely. I remember arriving in a biggish London drawing-room, shy, awkward, much encumbered with top-hat, gloves, and stick (and instructed by the learned that to leave them all in the hall was contrary to the etiquette, as implying an intention of remaining all night): the floor was like glass, as I made amain to my hostess, surrounded by observers, the rug on which I had stepped carried me tobogganing almost into her arms, and my hat did leap into her lap. There was certainly a titter and I could only murmur, like Madame Roland, "O Liberty! the things that are done in thy name!"

I must say that kind and smiling lady became a great friend afterwards, though she seemed severely neutral as I skidded past a tittuppy table laden with fragile *bric-à-brac*.

So far as I can recollect Liberty's reforms were taken by "the general" to imply "reform it altogether." The timid (and perhaps not opulent) mistress of a drawing-room banished almost everything lest it should carry the early-Victorian taint. Sofas, easy chairs, curtains, all tables large enough to support anything but a single flower (like an ostrich feather in an aigrette) were sent packing after the Brussels carpets and the mahogany. I can remember drawing-rooms

furnished with almost nothing but "old-gold" draggles, and one furnished (for a tea-party) with nothing but six small black engravings, and three or four chairs round which the young gentlemen wound themselves, as if they were the serpents in "Æsculapius's rods." Those who had nothing to wind round propped—propped themselves against the walls, against the doors, against the chimney-piece: their apparent weakness was equalled only by the genuine weakness of the China tea, which looked like a weak solution of dirt. But they all admired each other very much—and said so. The youth who had written a poem (about Cypress and Ashes) wailed panegyrics of the picture (of a dead rat) painted by the young man who eulogized his verses ("Goldener than pure gold") and the anæmic gentleman in sage green, who couldn't act, was groaning anguished appreciation of the singing of the flabby, baldish, stoutish young man (in saffron and pimples) who couldn't sing—as we presently discovered in the back-drawing-room—while *he* conscientiously lauded and instructed a lady in ruby-velvet and sables (it was July) concerning the histrionic "Powers" of his eulogizer.

Perhaps there was no furniture to leave room for the mutual admiration. The back-drawing-room was furnished with a tiger-lily and the lute, to which the man who couldn't sing sang.

Our hostess knitted all the while, because it was Sunday, and in 1880 it was esteemed sinful to knit on Sundays: her fault (even if it were sinful) could have been but venial, "on account of the parvity of the matter," for she chiefly dropped stitches.

One young gentleman, with a crutch that he kept forgetting to use, skirmished round the room, and another (whom I saw on the floor, on a flame-coloured pocket-handkerchief), conversed with a tall lady leaning over him like the tower of Pisa. When the poet recited his poem, with his head on the chimney-piece, she said it reminded her of Shelley, but gave no reasons. When the lutist sang, another lady who was deaf, and brandished a short black trumpet when anyone spoke to her, but only put it in her ear when speaking herself, said it reminded her of the wind in a tower: I had seen her, out of a window, arrive in a hansom cab with a Madonna lily and evidently sixpence short of what the driver demanded as his fare. In stepping out of the cab she had tickled the horse's back with the lily, which caused him to start forward, which

caused *her* to plunge forward and reach the pavement more hurriedly than she had intended.

"Sixpence more? Nonsense!" we heard her expostulate.

"We" being a young man, also seated on the window-ledge, and myself. He was not dressed in any particular colour, and had recently informed me (surveying the assembled guests) that the whole thing was a "blooming circus."

"Two to one on the lady" he offered me, but I wouldn't take him.

"Oughta to be ninepence more," declared the cabman. "A flower that size is passenger's luggage."

All the same he had to compound for fivepence-halfpenny in coppers and a postcard, though with injurious language.

The poet, in his last stanza, lifted himself so abruptly from his semi-recumbent posture on the chimney-piece as nearly to fall over: but he saved himself by a grab at the bell-rope, which looked like a silken halter prepared for the hanging of a peer. The bell ringing loudly brought up the parlour-maid, rather flushed as if she had been making toast for the kitchen. We, of course, had no toast for tea, but split pomegranates.

After tea our window seat, there being no sofa, was requisitioned by the young man who couldn't act to act his own death upon: he died, we gathered, at nineteen (he looked more) by a pond covered with green slime ("jealous green slime") without quoting the physician's diagnosis of his malady, but possibly from confining his diet to gorgonzola cheese which his complexion suggested.

Ah, well! All those queer young men are, I suppose, grandfathers now, with a determination of "presence" to their waists, and given, perhaps, to complaints of the degeneracy of their grandsons.

Furniture is not so ugly now. That is to say rooms are not filled with such ugly furniture, for I daresay plenty of bad stuff is made.

There came the fancy for old furniture, and with it the perception that the old furniture was more sightly than that of the Victorians. I daresay it is not all quite so old as it looks, like some grandmothers in knee-skirts, "bobbed" hair, and portmanteau-coloured chests.

But even when "reproduced" it is seldom actually ugly, though your reproducer has a wonderful gift for seizing on the defects of a style and imitating them or exaggerating them, such as skimpiness.



Almost everyone's drawing-room is a museum, or tries to be: almost everyone has "picked up" something—a cradle, for a coal-box; a Sedan chair, for an arm-chair; the door of a Lord Mayor's coach for an "over-mantel"; a sentry-box, for a sitting-out place, half way up the stairs; a settee made from the box-seat of an old Court carriage, a music-stool made of the perch behind on which the footmen stood, or a bookcase made from an old manger. You may see a smoking-room panelled with dismembered Jacobean pulpits, and find that the bath was originally a horse-trough. You may dine in a "Granby Room" hung entirely with tavern-signs representing that martial nobleman. Your hot-water (in very wealthy families) may be brought to your rooms in old leather black-jacks; and your porridge at breakfast may be served in pewter platters still bearing the name of the workhouse for which they were made: your hostess's dogs lap their water out of a Hispano-Morisco dish, and chocolates may be offered to yourself out of an old barber's lathering dish. The plumes of your four-post bedstead may be hearse-plumes, panel-gilt, and the bedspread a pall (priceless if "armorial"). The fender may be two plough-shares, and the fire-irons four rails "from the railing of the old house in Mitre Square where the ghost is"; of course the fire-shovel required the addition of a terminal that could shovel, and it was found in a flour-scoop from the Prince Regent's kitchen. The oak candlesticks in the smoking-room started in life as bannisters, while the actual bannisters were Georgian altar-rails, and the "cosy" round the fire in the hall was a Squire's pew split in two. The great chimney-piece in the same place has braved many a rattling storm, and even received the enemy's fire, for it was the figure-head of a famous Admiral's flag-ship, and the gallery round the top of the hall was contrived out of her stern galleries.

Over the chimney in your own bedroom may hang a hatchment: the "Resurgam" under it a reminder, perhaps, that you are to come down in the morning without fetching.

To enrich your house with a double "horse-shoe" staircase in order to make use of about a score of old box-fronts, carved and gilded, from a theatre, may seem a strong measure, but the result is at all events sumptuous.

A very handsome *garniture de lit* can be made of an old set of peer's coronation robes. I often see a sundial mounted on a disused mill-stone, and also a mill-stone used as a doorstep for a garden entrance.

Perhaps most of the above sound too expensive for any except very opulent homes: but it is not only in the opulent home that we now see this desire to make use of "old stuff." Even very modest houses have their "bits" of Chippendale, Sheraton, Adam, Empire or Louis Quinze, often quite genuine, though too often "restored." It argues, anyway, a better taste, and sometimes a quite valiant resolve to make the home interesting: and it does make it so to those who live in it at any rate. A Victorian "suite" could only suggest a bill; but a house full of "pieces" or "bits" picked up at odd times, though it may contain nothing of commercial value, is rich in association for its inhabitants, for every article has its own story—the story, maybe, only of its acquisition. And in this matter the London householder of moderate income is at little, if any, disadvantage as compared with his country or provincial congener. It is quite a mistake to think that in London only rich buyers can find anything. Special pieces, unique or very rare specimens, really "important" items have their best market in London: but unimportant, though genuine, pieces are sold to better advantage in the provinces; and such pieces are more easily and cheaply found in London than out of it: the big dealers won't touch them; in unfashionable streets of London you have a better chance of picking up a reasonably good piece of old furniture at a reasonable price than in country towns: nor do I mean slums by "unfashionable streets." In nine cases out of ten the prices asked in such shops in London are not at all above the value of the piece of furniture or china; if you want to get it for less than its value you had better turn dealer yourself. The outsides of houses are also less ugly than they used to be.

I remember very well how, as a child of nine, when I first saw London, the only thing that overpowered me was its ugliness and size, and big ugliness is worse than little. In half-a-century London has improved immensely in comeliness: much of it is now very beautiful: all of it is less dingy. In many instances the streets are wider, in nearly all they are more cheerful, and more clean: lighter, not only by night, but by day as well. I think the people look cleaner too, and smell cleaner: the inside of an omnibus in the 'sixties was a frowsy, smelly place. Even in church, on a wet day, the odour of sanctity was too strong for anyone but the angels. The inside of a Mid-Victorian four-wheeled cab was apt to

smell as if it were the mangy old horse's only stable, and cabman's bedroom too: "damp frowst" may not be pretty English, but it is the only word to convey briefly one's recollection of that particular smell. I wonder if the cabby really did keep his cheese in his "growler" hidden somewhere in his spare boots, and any linen he might be awaiting an opportunity of sending to the laundry? It is more charitable to surmise that he gave nightly hospitality in it to his poor relations.

The London parks are much prettier now than they were then, and there are more of them. So are many of the "squares" much prettier, *i.e.*, the gardens occupying the central space of the residential squares.

There was no Embankment then; and the river-views from the bridges were in hardly any cases so beautiful as now.

London had then no fine railway-stations: even now it has none to compare with the terminus stations in New York—nor even its newest so compares.

It had very few fine hotels: nor many fine shops or business-houses.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

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**The Church and Marriage:** "Our existing civilization undoubtedly rests upon marriage, as the Christian religion has shaped it. For a thousand years, while that order of things which we call Christendom endured, the Catholic Church was the great ethical instructor of the progressive societies of the Western World. The keynote of her teaching was duty—the whole duty of man, in all the relations of life. And nowhere was that teaching clearer, loftier, and more fruitful, than in her doctrine concerning matrimony. It is not too much to say that she re-created marriage. That must, beyond controversy, be conceded to her, as a special and unique achievement. I do not undervalue what other great religions of the world have done to purify and elevate domestic life. . . . Still it remains, that nowhere is the immeasurable superiority of Christianity to the rest of the world's creeds more clearly manifested than in its ideal and law of matrimony."—*W. S. Lilly in "On Right and Wrong," pp. 203-4.*

## THE PROBLEM OF ANNE CATHERINE EMMERICH

### II.

WHAT is the precise degree of credibility claimed by the friends of Anne Catherine Emmerich for the revelations published under her name? Brentano, on the title-page of *The Dolorous Passion*, and in one or two passages of his introductory matter, adopts an unassuming tone to which no one could possibly take exception. The book is called by him "The Dolorous Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ after the Meditations (*nach den Betrachtungen*) of Anne Catherine Emmerich." Further, he states that:

It is our duty here plainly to affirm that they (the meditations following) have no pretensions whatever to be regarded as history. They are but intended to take a humble place among those numerous delineations of the Passion which have been given us by pious writers and artists, and are to be considered at the best as the Lenten meditations of a devout nun, related in all simplicity and written down without art. To these meditations she herself never attached more than a human value, and though for a long time inwardly admonished to make them known, she only consented with reluctance and in obedience to the repeated commands of the director of her conscience.<sup>1</sup>

It cannot, I am afraid, be pretended that these protestations<sup>2</sup> of Brentano were very sincere. The truth seems to be that they were only added while the book was passing through the press, in deference to the representations of his friend Melchior Diepenbrock (afterwards created Cardinal), in whose house he was staying while the proofs were being corrected. As Dr. H. Cardauns, who makes this suggestion, has remarked, the protestation just quoted was "a saving clause pressed upon Brentano from outside, which he wrote with his hand but not with his heart."<sup>3</sup> So far as I can see,

<sup>1</sup> I have found it necessary to modify considerably the wording of the published English translation, which being made from the French version often misrepresents the German original.

<sup>2</sup> He renews this protestation in the last sentence of his Introduction.

<sup>3</sup> I quote this from the extremely valuable essay published by Cardauns in 1915: *Klemens Brentano Beiträge, namentlich zur Emmerich Frage*, Köln, p. 91. Dr. Hermann Cardauns is well known as an editor of historical documents, and is a prominent member of the Görres Gesellschaft.

Dr. Cardauns supplies quite solid evidence for the view just formulated. No one who reads carefully *The Dolorous Passion*, as Brentano, after much editorial labour, published it in 1833 from the notes he had taken down ten years before, can doubt that the editor presents it as a statement of historical facts. Over and over again Anne Catherine, in her ecstasy, is described as saying: "I saw this" or "I saw that," the most minute details being given as to the behaviour, position, costume, surroundings, dwellings, names and relationships, antecedents and subsequent history, of the personages introduced into the scenes she describes. The memoir which is prefixed to these visions of the Passion insists repeatedly upon the supernatural character of the knowledge possessed by the ecstatic. "She was distinguished," Brentano urges, "in a degree down to the present day unparalleled, by the grace of an objective perception of the history of the Old and New Testaments, of the Holy Family, and of all the saints upon whom the eye of her soul was directed. She discerned the essence of all the festivals in the Church's calendar, both in their ceremonial and in their historical bearings."<sup>1</sup> Similarly, in his notes contributed to the early part of the *Life of the Blessed Virgin*, which Brentano did not live to see published, the Pilgrim, as Anne Catherine always called him, busied himself constantly in proving that the visions of the ecstatic which he had written down were in accordance with the data of history and confirmed by the archæological and geographical research of quite modern times.

Hardly less inconsistent seems the attitude of Father Schmöger, C.S.S.R., the biographer of Sister Emmerich, who, after Brentano's death, and with full command of all the available materials, brought out the *Life of Jesus Christ* as made known in her "visions" (*nach den Gesichtern der Gottseligen Anna Katharina Emmerich*). He says, for example, "all these visions possess a most marked historical character; they are not ruminations upon what has once happened, but they are the direct and perfect reflection of the facts themselves, which were presented before the visionary like the image in a mirror," and a little further on he remarks, "it was Anne Catherine's privilege to possess a clear historical intuition, and consequently a perfect fidelity to history."<sup>2</sup> But

<sup>1</sup> I translate from the original German in the recent critical edition of Brentano's works edited by W. Oehl, Vol. XIV. Part I. (1912), p. 143.

<sup>2</sup> *Das Leben Jesu Christi* (1858), Vol. I. pp. xxxix. and xlii.

in the preface to the second volume of the same work, which appeared a few months later, we read:

Although, therefore, the Editor believes he need feel no doubt regarding the supernatural origin of the visions of this Servant of God, and is prepared to adduce numerous and weighty grounds for this conviction in his forthcoming full biography, still the visions here set before the reader make no claim to be anything more than *a simple legend of the Life of Jesus* which may take its place without further pretensions among the many fruits of the contemplative life as practised within the Catholic Church.<sup>1</sup>

It would be useless to heap up references in proof of the fact that Father Schmöger, who undoubtedly had better means of acquainting himself with the details of Anne Catherine's life than any other student of the subject, believed firmly that her visions came from God and were supernatural in character. The whole texture of his copious biography shows that he treated the statements contained in them as reliable historical material, and the greater part of all he has to tell us about Anne Catherine's own childhood is derived from what she narrated concerning herself in the course of her ecstasies, a matter to which we shall have occasion to return further on. It is also unnecessary to labour the point that the same view of the visions is taken by the Augustinian Father Wegener, the author of a shorter biography, and Postulator of the Cause of her Beatification. He says, for example, that "the whole character, and especially the unity of conception perceptible in the visions, point beyond doubt to a supernatural origin. They give proof of being in complete harmony with the spirit of the Holy Scriptures, with the history of the Church of God, and especially with the teachings of the Catholic Faith."<sup>2</sup> It would seem however, that the Congregation of Sacred Rites have not yet been persuaded to endorse this view. Although the original manuscripts of Brentano have for more than twenty years past been in the keeping of the Congregation with a view to the beatification of the ecstatic so highly favoured, no decree of approval has yet been issued, nor, if I rightly interpret a statement of the Redemptorist, Father Nowak, is likely to be issued.<sup>3</sup> Meanwhile the opinion of devout

<sup>1</sup> *L.c.* Vol. II. p. vii. ; the italics correspond to spaced type in the original.

<sup>2</sup> Wegener, *Anna Katharina Emmerich und Clemens Brentano* (1908), p. 148.

<sup>3</sup> Oehl in Brentano, *Werke*, Vol. XIV. Part I. p. xlv.

Catholics in Germany has been much divided upon the point, and a special periodical was founded before the war which devoted itself exclusively to the discussion of the Emmerich literature.

One point which must not be overlooked is the high estimate which seems to have been formed of the value of these communications by the visionary herself. Like Claire Ferchaud in quite recent times, and like Maria d'Agreda in the seventeenth century, Anne Catherine was undoubtedly persuaded that a message had been entrusted to her by God which was of supreme importance to the cause of religion throughout the world. Thus on September 26, 1815, this was three years before Brentano had his first interview with Sister Emmerich, she remarked to her friend, Dr. Wesener, as the latter records in his diary: "But I have yet another task to accomplish before my death. I must reveal many things before I die. I know that I have to do it, I feel it, but I cannot through fear of drawing praise upon myself."<sup>1</sup> Still more significant is the reply which Anne Catherine believed she heard from our Lord when she asked Him to withdraw His revelations. "I give thee visions," He told her, "not for thyself, but that thou mayest collect and communicate them. The present is not the time for sensible miracles; therefore I give thee visions. I have done the same at all times to show that I am with My Church to the consummation of the world."<sup>2</sup> Father Schmöger has preserved several such utterances, but the following is particularly worthy of attention:

I begged Almighty God to withdraw my visions, that I may not be forced to communicate them, but I was not heard. As usual I was told to relate all I could recall, even if I should be laughed at, or even if I do not see any use in it. I was again told that no one has ever seen all that I have seen or in the same way, but that is not my affair, it is the Church's. So much being allowed to go to waste will entail great accountability and do much harm. They who deprive me of leisure and the clergy who have no faith and who find no one to take down my visions will have to render a severe account of their negligence. I saw, too, how the demon raises obstacles. Long ago I was ordered to tell all, even if I should be looked upon as a fool. But no one wanted to listen to me, and the holiest things

<sup>1</sup> Schmöger, *Life of A. C. Emmerich* (Eng. Trans.), Vol. I., p. 381.

<sup>2</sup> *L.c.* Vol. II. p. 37.



that I had seen and heard were so misunderstood and derided that through timidity I shut all up in my own heart, though not without pain. Then I used to see in the distance the figure of a stranger who was to come to write by me. I have found him, I recognize him in the Pilgrim [*i.e.*, Brentano]. . . . The many, many wonderful communications from the Old and New Testament, the innumerable pictures from the lives of the Saints, etc., have been given me, through God's mercy, not for my instruction alone, for there is much that I cannot understand, but that I may communicate them that they may revive what is now forgotten. This duty has again been imposed upon me. I have explained this fact, as well as I could, but no one will take the trouble even to listen to me. I must keep it to myself and forget much of it.<sup>1</sup>

I must confess that there is, to my thinking, a very human and rather morbid note about all this, which is more suggestive of the revelations of Swedenborg, Andrew Jackson Davis, Joanna Southcott, or the Rev. Vale Owen, than of the spirit of God as we find it in St. Theresa or St. Catherine of Siena. To begin with, even though Sister Emmerich did find an amanuensis, the vast bulk of what she communicated to him was never given to the world until thirty or forty years after her death. The *Life of Jesus Christ* was then printed, but had a very limited sale. Even *The Dolorous Passion*, which Brentano, as stated, brought out in 1833, and which undoubtedly became very widely known, can hardly be regarded as an epoch-making work, and does not appeal to all. Neither would it, in my view, be correct to say that the more spiritually-minded reader is attracted by Anne Catherine's revelations and the less spiritually-minded repelled. The reverse appears on the whole to be much nearer the truth. It is by no means plain that the edification given by *The Dolorous Passion* is in any way different in kind or proportionately greater in degree than that afforded, let us say, by Father Gallwey's *Watches of the Passion*, or by such a book as Mlle. Reynès Monlaur's scriptural romance *Le Rayon* or Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*. In the visions of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque there was contained a message for mankind which has in fact impressed itself upon the whole devotional life of the Church. But it would be very difficult to maintain that the cult of relics, or the understanding of the Gospels, have been notably promoted by the enormously lengthy communications of the ecstatic of Dülmen.

<sup>1</sup> Schmöger, Vol. II. pp. 37, 38.

What is more, there is some extremely strange teaching among the more miscellaneous contents of Anne Catherine's visions, which, despite the unqualified approbation of the Bishop of Limburg,<sup>1</sup> is certainly an innovation upon the views commonly held by the orthodox either in science or religion. Take, for example, one or two scientific utterances:

The Milky Way is formed of watery globules like crystals. It seems as if the good spirits battle therein. They plunge in and pour forth all kinds of dew and blessings like a Baptism. The sun follows an oval path. It is a beneficent body peopled by holy spirits. It has no heat in itself; light and heat are generated only around it. It is white and lovely and full of beautiful colours.<sup>2</sup>

Or again:

Comets are full of baneful influences; they are like birds of passage. Were there not between them and the earth so great tempests and other influences exercised by the spirits, they might easily do the earth much harm. They are the abodes of the passionate spirits. Their tail, that is their influence, follows as smoke from fire.<sup>3</sup>

With regard to the moon we are told that

her waters are continually rising and falling, drawing up masses of vapour from the earth. . . . I see in her many human figures flying from light into darkness, as if hiding from shame, as if their conscience were in a bad state. This I see more frequently in the centre of the moon. In other parts are fields and thickets where animals roam. I never saw any worship offered to God in the moon. . . . The moon exercises a wonderful influence over the earth and all nature. . . . I often see descending from her huge clouds like masses of poison which generally hang over the sea, but the good spirits, the angels, scatter them and render them harmless.<sup>4</sup>

Now putting aside altogether the question of the accuracy of these revelations from the point of view of science, it is surely a little difficult to believe that such knowledge, even if it were reliable, could be of any spiritual benefit to those

<sup>1</sup> "The second volume of the *Life of Anne Catherine Emmerich* by Father Schmöger, like the first, contains nothing contrary to the teaching of the Catholic Church in morals or dogma," etc. . . . So writes the Bishop.

<sup>2</sup> Schmöger, *Life*, Vol. II. p. 209.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* Vol. II. pp. 208, 209.

to whom it was imparted. On the other hand, all who are familiar with clairvoyant literature in general will at once be struck by the resemblance of these utterances to what we may read in Davis's *Principles of Nature* or Denton's *Soul of Things*.

More interesting to the religious inquirer, but on the other hand, more open to question from the point of view of orthodox theology, are the many passages of eschatological import which Schmöger has collected in one long section of his second volume. For example:

There are, also, souls neither in heaven, purgatory nor hell, but wandering the earth in trouble and anguish, aiming at something they are bound to perform. They haunt deserted places, ruins, tombs, and the scenes of their past misdeeds. They are spectres. . . .

I have often understood, in my childhood and later, that three whole choirs of angelic spirits, higher than the archangels, fell, but were not cast into hell; some, experiencing a sort of repentance, escaped for a time. They are the planetary spirits that come upon earth to tempt men. At the last day they will be judged and condemned. I have always seen that the devils can never leave hell. I have seen, too, that many of the damned go not directly to hell but suffer in lonely places on earth.<sup>1</sup>

Again, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and other admirers of the Rev. Vale Owen's communications from beyond the grave would probably be interested by such disclosures as the following:

I always see in a certain circle around the earth nine bodies or spheres like far-off stars. They are inhabited by spirits of different natures from whom descend beams of light. . . . These nine worlds form three sections, above each of which I saw a great angel enthroned, the first holds a sceptre, the second a rod, the third a sword. They wear crowns and long robes, and their breast is decorated with ribands. In these spheres dwell the bad spirits who at each man's birth are associated with him by an intimate relation which I clearly understand, which excites my wonder, but which I cannot now explain.<sup>2</sup>

It is not easy to make out whether these bad spirits, who, we are told, "are not lovely and transparent like the angels," are identical with or distinct from the "planetary spirits, who are fallen spirits but not devils":

<sup>1</sup> Schmöger, Vol. II. p. 207.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 204.

They are very, very different from devils. They go to and fro between the earth and the nine spheres. In one of these spheres they are sad and melancholy, in another impetuous and violent, etc. They exert an influence over the whole earth, over every man from his birth, and they form certain orders and associates.

Surely we must recognize here some infiltrations, to say the least, from the astrology which influenced Wallenstein and so many of his contemporaries, and which apparently had a certain interest for Brentano himself two hundred years later. Louise Hensel, his intimate friend, wrote of him in 1873, long after his death: "Brentano was at that time (c. 1818) much under the influence of ideas of this kind (*i.e.*, psychism and occultism), and kept in his otherwise very interesting library the wierdest and most fantastic of books. Even in those far-off days I used to debate these matters with him, for example, as regards the value of the apocryphal Gospels, to which he, in my opinion, attached a great deal too much importance. He was so choke-full of romance that it drowned his sober judgment."<sup>1</sup> Now no fact is more familiar in the study of morbid psychology than the readiness of the subject in the trance state to absorb the ideas of anyone who stands to her more or less in the relation of the hypnotizer. Nothing is more likely than that in those five years of daily and intimate companionship Anne Catherine should assimilate much of Brentano's mental equipment, though, no doubt, these materials were transformed by her own personality and mystical yearnings. Can we possibly regard the product of these incongruous influences as a revelation of new truths which were of vital importance, as Anne Catherine evidently believed them to be, for the renovation of faith and piety?<sup>2</sup>

Not less severe is the tax imposed upon our credulity by the account which Sister Emmerich, three years before her

<sup>1</sup> I take this extract from Oehl's Introduction in *Werke*, Vol. XIV. Part I. p. xxxviii.

<sup>2</sup> Some of the details of the visions are gruesome and fantastic in the extreme, for example: "I saw the soul of a woman deceased some twenty or thirty years. She was not in purgatory, but in a place of more rigorous punishment. She was not only imprisoned, but also punished in inexpressible pain and affliction. In her arms was a dark-skinned child which she incessantly killed but which always came to life again. The mother was condemned to wash it white with her tears. Souls can shed tears, otherwise they could not weep in the body." Schmöger, Vol. II. p. 218. The Sisyphus and Tantalus of the Homeric poems are here left far behind.

death, gave to Brentano concerning her own baptism. I do not gather that she professed to *remember* how she felt at the moment when she first saw the light and was taken to church to be christened, but four years before her death she saw a vision of these occurrences and had an intuition of her own sensations at the time. Basing his narrative upon this supernatural communication, Father Wegener, the Postulator of the Cause of Anne Catherine's Beatification, tells his readers as soberly as if he was narrating the facts of her convent life:

It was then (amid the infidelity which heralded the French Revolution) that the Holy Ghost deigned through the mouth of this new-born child to glorify what the world up to this had refused to Him. Quite contrary to the experience of every day, according to which a child's reason develops only with time, . . . Catherine enjoyed the use of full understanding from the hour of her baptism. . . . She saw Mary with the infant Jesus assisting at the ceremony and was sealed to them by the giving of a ring. . . . At her baptism also, she had the full proof of God's presence in the most holy Sacrament; she saw, besides, her guardian angel and her holy patronesses, St. Anne and St. Catherine, assisting at the ceremony. She saw the relics shining in the church and perceived the saints to whom they belonged. Her communications in after life, have placed us in possession of the knowledge of these marvels.<sup>1</sup>

The actual words in which Sister Emmerich made this communication to Brentano are apparently preserved in Father Schmöger's fuller biography:

I was born on Sep. 8th, and to-day (Sep 8th, 1821) being the anniversary of my birth, I had a vision of the same as also of my Baptism. It produced upon me a most singular sensation. I felt myself a new-born babe in the arms of my god-mother going to Coesfeld to be baptized, and I was covered with confusion at beholding myself, so small, so weak, and at the same time so old. All the impressions I had experienced as an infant I now again felt, yet mingled with something of the intelligence of my present age. I felt shy and embarrassed. The three old women present, so also the nurse, were displeasing to me. My mother inspired very different sentiments, and I willingly took her breast. I was fully conscious of all that passed around me.<sup>2</sup>

Full details follow of the wonderful occurrences already

<sup>1</sup> Wegener, *Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich* (Eng. Trans.), New York, 1898, p. 26.

<sup>2</sup> Schmöger, Vol. I. p. 12.

summarized. This marvellous infant a few hours after her birth (she was born and baptized on the same day) had knowledge at the same time that an ancestor of hers became a Christian in the seventh or eighth century and built a church, and also that many members of the same family became Religious, and that two of them received the stigmata. Surely no stronger proof could be given of the confidence reposed by Fathers Schmöger and Wegener in the objective validity of Anne Catherine's visions than that they should both record this stupendous marvel of precocious intelligence without the slightest qualification or hint of doubt. It is easy enough to understand how an unhealthy<sup>1</sup> and rather hysterical sufferer, with this extraordinary facility for falling into the trance state, might readily persuade herself that her visions and dreams about her own past life were realities. But on the other hand, it is very hard to comprehend why so marvellously privileged a soul, enjoying prerogatives from her birth which were certainly denied to St. Theresa, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Vincent of Paul, etc., should have obtained from the Church no official recognition of exceptional holiness, even a hundred years after her death. What is certain is that those who lived with her in her youth thought her a good and pious girl, but give not the least sign of having detected in her any evidence of heroic virtue.<sup>2</sup> When Brentano, during Sister Emmerich's lifetime, went to visit Coesfeld, her native place, he looked up, so he tells us, her old parish priest, Father Hartbaum, whom he found "still quite vigorous despite his years," but Brentano states, "he did not seem fully to appreciate his former parishioner and he expressed surprise at the interest manifested in her." This does not seem to agree very well with the marvels which Anne Catherine in her visions attributed to her early years and which are much too numerous to be recounted here.

So, again, in the revelations which Sister Emmerich narrated concerning the saints, we find highly-glorified elaborations of the legends attributed to them by the most uncritical of mediæval hagiographers. Take, for example, the story of St. Catherine of Alexandria. The whole farrago of mar-

<sup>1</sup> Anne Catherine at the age of seventeen, had to give up her work of dress-making through ill-health. Schmöger, Vol. I. p. 91.

<sup>2</sup> When her stigmata first came under discussion in 1813, a number of her contemporaries were examined whose testimony is preserved. Schmöger, Vol. I. 106-110, &c. The evidence of Clara Soentgen is more enthusiastic, but, as we pointed out last time, is open to suspicion.

vels, which have long been discredited and are surrendered by even the more conservative of Church historians,<sup>1</sup> all figure here with fresh embellishments. Catherine's wonderful learning, her disputes with the philosophers, the licentious assailant stricken powerless, the wild beasts who instead of rending her lick her wounds, the destruction of the wheel, the conveyance by angels of the martyr's body to the summit of Mount Sinai, all these things Sister Emmerich beholds in her visions with just the same detail and assurance of reality as the journey of our Lord to Calvary or the taking down from the Cross. A brief specimen or two must suffice:

Catherine was next taken to the circus and seated on a high platform between two broad wheels, stuck full of sharp iron points, like a ploughshare. When the executioners attempted to turn the wheels, they were shivered by a thunderbolt and hurled among the pagan crowd, about 30 of whom were wounded or killed. . . . Several days afterwards . . . Catherine was led again to the place of execution. She knelt before the block, laid her head on it sideways and was beheaded with a piece of iron from the broken wheels. [Was no sword or axe available in all Alexandria?] An extraordinary quantity of blood flowed from the wound, spouting up into the air in one continuous jet until, at last, the flow became colourless as water. The head had been completely severed. . . . Next day the body was thrown into a filthy ditch and covered over with elder branches. But that night *I saw* two angels, in priestly vestments, wrapping the luminous body in bark and flying away with it. . . . Here (on the peak of Mount Sinai) they placed the remains face downwards. The stone seemed to be soft like wax, for the body left its impress on it as if in a mould. *I could see* the distinct imprint of the backs of the hands.

Sister Emmerich furnishes dates as well as a genealogy. I can only say that, if the passage is correctly translated, Catherine's mother, from the data given, must have been at least 150 years old at the time of her daughter's birth.<sup>2</sup> Nearly all the other visions about the saints, *e.g.*, those of St. Ursula, St. Walburga, etc., which have been published by Schmöger, abound in similar improbabilities and violations

<sup>1</sup> It will be sufficient to refer to the articles on St. Catherine, in the *Kirchenlexikon* or the *Catholic Encyclopædia*.

<sup>2</sup> Catherine's great grandmother, Mercuria, had a son, born before A.D. 32. This son married his aunt, Mercuria's youngest sister. Of this pair was born Catherine's mother, presumably before A.D. 130, when her father would have been one hundred years old. As Catherine was sixteen at the time of her martyrdom in 299, her mother must have been 150, when she was born. Schmöger, Vol. II. p. 522.



of the ascertained facts of ecclesiastical history. To quote a single specimen among many. Anne Catherine had a vision of the Emperor St. Henry, in the early part of the eleventh century, assisting at Mass. She describes every detail. "There was no little bell, but there were cruets. . . . The Mass was shorter than with us and there was no Gospel of St. John at the end." All this is in accord with liturgical history, but she adds: "I saw the Offertory and the Elevation."<sup>1</sup> Now it is certain that the Elevation, as we know it now, was not introduced until a century and a half later. The facts are suggestive, for Brentano quite probably understood that the Gospel of St. John was a later addition, but would not be likely to know that the Elevation in the Mass was itself a comparative novelty.

Finally, a word must be said about Anne Catherine's alleged gift of "hierognosis," a variant of what psychical researchers commonly call "psychometry." It consists in the formation of a mental picture (or in an intuition) of the past history and associations of any kind of relic, whether sacred or otherwise. The power has been, and is, undoubtedly possessed by a number of clairvoyants—I may mention Dr. J. W. Haddock's subject, the Lancashire lass Emma,<sup>2</sup> as a conspicuous example—but its nature and manner of operation is most mysterious. Sister Emmerich appears to have taken a rather unsaintlike complacency in the possession of this gift. She stated, for example:

I have been told that the gift of recognizing relics has never been bestowed upon anyone in the same degree as God has given it to me, and this on occasion of their being so sadly neglected and because their veneration is to be revived.<sup>3</sup>

Her friends brought her packets of relics of all kinds and from all sorts of out of the way places. That she did in many cases discern, without any apparent means of arriving at the knowledge by normal means, what these relics *professed* to be, seems to be established beyond doubt. In most of the instances quoted, however, this might have been mere telepathy, or thought transference, from the minds of those who were present. But I cannot find, after a very careful study of Father Schmöger's pages, even a single example which would prove that Anne Catherine possessed the gift of discerning true relics from false. She declared that some of

<sup>1</sup> Schmöger, Vol. II. p. 285.

<sup>2</sup> See Dr. Haddock's book, *Somnolism and Psycheism* (sic), 1851.

<sup>3</sup> Schmöger, Vol. II. p. 395.

the relics brought to her were spurious, and this was especially the case when the person who brought it, or someone in the room, knew that only a counterfeit had been presented to her, but I have not been able to discover any instance in which a really adequate test was applied, or in which subsequent discovery proved that her identification of the particular relic had been correct. On the other hand, some of the fragments of bone, etc., to the genuineness of which she bore witness, were relics of an extremely improbable kind, such, for example, as those of St. Dionysius the Areopagite (whom, by the way, she saw in a vision carrying his own head away after his decapitation<sup>1</sup>), St. Joseph of Arimathea, St. Martha, St. Simon the Chananæan, etc., etc. We learn that on the feast of the Holy Relics,

I saw saintly men and women of Mary's time depositing in precious vases holy things that belonged to her. . . . There was a crystal vase shaped like a breast in which was some of her milk.<sup>2</sup>

The alleged milk of the Blessed Virgin was a common relic in the Middle Ages. In the seventeenth century a phial containing "Our Lady's milk" was preserved in one of the principal churches of Naples, and this, according to the testimony of Sabbatini and other serious authorities, after the example of the blood of St. Januarius, liquified every year on the Feast of the Assumption. M. de Mely, however, in a valuable little monograph, has made it clear, as the *Life of the Blessed Virgin* also admits, that what was called the milk of the Blessed Virgin was only a chalky exudation from the walls of a cave which is believed to have sheltered the Holy Family on the flight into Egypt. It is difficult, therefore, to believe that in this matter of the discernment of relics, Anne Catherine was a reliable guide.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> Schmöger, Vol. II. p. 512. Cf. Vol. II. p. 301, another case of a martyr who carried home his own head.

<sup>2</sup> Schmöger, Vol. II. p. 399. In the *Life of the Blessed Virgin*, § 68 (Oehl, *Werke*, Vol. XIV. Part II. p. 318), Anne Catherine gives an account of this milk which hardly seems consistent with the above. The emphasis laid by Sister Emmerich upon this order of ideas seems to me distinctly suggestive of an unhealthy imagination. In her vision of SS. Agnes and Emerentiana she saw them as little infants. "I took them on my knees (she says) and caressed them, but they began to cry. I had nothing to give them and in my perplexity, I laid them on my breast when they became quiet. I threw my mantle round them, when suddenly to my surprise and alarm, I felt they were really receiving nourishment from me." Schmöger, Vol. II. p. 448. Other details follow which are both astonishing and rather unpleasant.





# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### THE C.T.S. AT LEICESTER.

THE recent C.T.S. Conference at Leicester marked another stage towards that co-operation of Catholic societies in the enterprise of restoring this country to Catholicism which the successful prosecution of that enterprise seems to demand. There are three varieties of activity, mainly lay, which have the conversion of England for their direct aim—the Lending and Reference Libraries, the Truth Society and the Social Guild, and finally, open-air preaching societies, the Ransomers and the Evidence Guild. The written and the spoken word should obviously supplement and support one another in their assault upon the non-Catholic mentality of our time. The one obstacle, as the Cardinal said in his notable final address at the Conference, to the conversion of England is ignorance; ignorance which includes the presence of false knowledge as well as the absence of true. “How shall they believe unless they hear, and how shall they hear without a preacher,” a preacher, whether he uses book or pamphlet or the living voice? Of course, in the work of removing this ignorance, there has been much co-operation hitherto: the preachers have sent their hearers to books and tracts in order to elaborate and confirm their message, and the literature societies have always had their eyes upon the needs of the times. But this co-operation needs intensifying and extending, for the harvest is growing and ripening whilst the labourers are still comparatively few. We must make the most of our resources, organize the zeal which is the direct product of true faith, and constantly approach the ideal of having information ready at hand for every inquirer and of provoking inquiries by proclaiming our possession of truth. Many speakers, during the Conference, emphasized the fact, which, as insisted upon at the Liverpool Congress fourteen months ago, is the *raison d'être* of what is called the “Forward Movement,” that never since the great Revolt began has the soil been so favourable for the recru-

descence amongst our non-Catholic countrymen and women of the belief and practice of Catholicism. This, of course, should be an immense stimulus for our zeal, but even were it otherwise, our zeal would never lack stimulus. *Importune, opportune*, was St. Paul's motto, and if England were as lethargic as she actually is restless, as religiously indifferent as she is keen, as hostile as she is progressively tolerant, there would still be need of a "forward movement," and still occasion for careful organization. The true Catholic can never find excuse for burying his God-given talent.

Amongst many encouraging features of the Conference, perhaps the most stimulating was the preaching of the C.E.G. in the market-place. On Sunday evening, and again on Monday, Leicester folk, familiar enough with the evangelical efforts of the sects, crowded around the improvised platform, wherefrom Father Hugh Pope, O.P., in his habit, and several expert Guild speakers from the London area, expounded the claims of the Church and answered innumerable questions, some captious, some indeed foolish and insincere, some mocking, some earnest and intelligent. It was an object-lesson in practical Christianity, a portent of a new age, a phenomenon aptly summed up by a Salvation Army captain, who, seeing on a previous occasion, Father Pope addressing a group of miners from a wayside wall, exclaimed: "The Church of Rome at last!" He had always felt, he said, that the Army was doing what "Rome" had neglected—a reflection not without its reproach. As one result of the Conference, we trust that Leicester will be added to the growing list of cities and towns that support flourishing branches of the C.E.G. And we may hope that, by dint of more frequent intercourse between the Catholic societies and much larger membership, the developments sketched by Father Henry Browne in our July issue will ultimately be realized, and in every town of importance a centre of information about the Catholic Faith will be established to meet the pressing needs of the time. The C.T.S., owned by all to be in a sense the parent of the many propaganda bodies now existing, has probably the greatest claim on the support of the Faithful, for recent experience has shown that according to the supply of ammunition is the success of the fight.

J. K.

## THE EFFECTS OF THE WAR ON SOME VITAL STATISTICS.

IN all the countries that took part in the great world-conflict the collection of statistics was much hampered by the disorganization of the public services following upon the calling up of so large a proportion of the male population. As a consequence, the publication of the usual returns has been for the most part a good deal in arrears, while in some lines of inquiry, as, for example, the religious or non-religious character of the marriages contracted during the war, no returns at all seem to be available. But now that things are settling down, a few comments upon the various figures which are accessible may not be out of place.

To begin with the question of marriages, the contrast between England and France in this matter is not a little curious. Here are the data for 1913, which was the last complete year of peace, for the three complete years of war (1915, 1916, 1917), and for 1919, the first complete year of peace after the war. I give the round numbers only:

	Marriages.	
	England and Wales.	France.
1913	286,000	298,000
1915	360,000	75,000
1916	279,000	108,000
1917	258,000	158,000
1919	369,000	447,000

The population of England and Wales was roughly 36,000,000, that of France roughly 39,000,000. Normally, before the war, there were, as we should expect, more marriages in France than in England and Wales. Thus in 1911 the French marriages numbered 307,788, the English only 274,943. But during the three central years of the war we see that the English marriages amounted to 897,000, the French to only 341,000, or in other words, that there were two and two-thirds times as many marriages in England and Wales as there were in France with its larger population. Of course, we must not forget that eleven French departments were more or less completely occupied by the enemy, or lay, at any rate, in the war zone, but there seems nothing of this nature which would account for such an enormous disproportion. Was it the generous separation allowance of the English Tommy which encouraged his young countrywomen to



embark upon the experiment of matrimony? Or is it that the citizens and citizenesses of the French Republic are by instinct more thrifty and more loath to face an adventure of which they cannot calculate the consequences? Perhaps the most curious feature of all is that in 1915 the number of English marriages should suddenly have leaped upwards by a good third, or over 30 per cent, in excess of the pre-war average.

It was to be expected, as the Report of the Registrar-General points out, that there should be a considerable increase in the number of marriages of young widows as compared with pre-war statistics. There were, for example, more than ten times as many widows under 25 years of age married in 1919 as were married in 1911; but, what is not so readily explainable, the number of elderly bachelors, *i.e.*, men over 45, who have got married since the war has also considerably increased. There were more than twice as many marriages of this kind in 1919 than there were in 1911. Another curious feature noticed in the same report is the fact that since the war, and, as it would seem, concurrently with the rise in the price of food-stuffs, a steady increase has been observed in the proportion of males to females among the children born. In 1919 there were 1,060 male infants born to every thousand females, this being the highest ratio ever known in this country. If this increase is maintained the anxiety of those who draw such gloomy inferences from the present predominance of the female over the male population ought to be dissipated.

Lastly, we may note that while the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births might appear to be steadily increasing in this country, as in many other lands, yet the figures when truly considered are to some extent deceptive. In 1911—1915 the number of illegitimate children averaged 43 per thousand births, and this ratio increased to 44.5 in 1915, to 48 in 1916, to 55 in 1917, and to 62 in 1918; while in 1919 it sank to 60.5. Still, when we compare the number of illegitimate births to the number of unmarried possible mothers, one finds that both in 1915 and in 1917 the ratio was relatively low, though it has steadily increased ever since. It is poor consolation to know that both in France and Germany the illegitimate birth-rate is considerably higher than in England, and it is even more distressing to reflect that these returns do not now anywhere afford anything but a most

unreliable test of the general level of morality. The fact is that the increasing and almost universal use of contraceptives frustrates all possible calculation, while it secures to the offender an immunity from those unpleasant consequences the prospect of which formerly served as a deterrent.

H. T.

#### THE LAMBETH PLEA FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY.

**W**E are told that the final replies of the various religious bodies appealed to by the Lambeth Conference over a year ago to consider measures for the reunion of Christendom are shortly to be expected. They have, of course, long been anticipated; various sections of non-Anglican Christianity have disclosed differences in principle which prevent compromise; the Catholic Church, whose Head rules from Rome, has consistently proclaimed the only possible terms of reunion which she can admit without self-contradiction. As long ago as 1894, Pope Leo pleaded for the "Reunion of Christendom," following up his Encyclical the next year by a special appeal "Ad Anglos": Cardinal Vaughan in this country reiterated with even more emphasis the essential conditions. There was nothing indefinite about those conditions: they stated clearly the character of Christian unity, sc. identity of faith and worship and oneness of government: they pointed to the one Fold and the single Shepherd. From that position the Catholic Church never can retire. She holds that unity of faith in revelation cannot be attained except by sameness of interpretation, and that to secure at once unity and truth of interpretation an infallible defining authority is logically essential. So the only process of reunion with the Catholic Church is the simple one of entering her Fold, rejecting allegiance to any other guide than she, submitting to her rule in all things concerning salvation. There are many diversities of usage and fashions of discipline within the Fold, all the sheep are not of one breed or brand, their spiritual practices differ in details, but their beliefs are identical in intention, their obedience unqualified in matters of faith and morals, their worship substantially the same. As her great variety of rites testifies, the Church is far from insisting on uniformity in what is not essential. But she cannot, without self-stultification, recognize as lawful the existence of other Churches. Far otherwise the ideal of the Lambeth Conference. "We do not ask," say the Bishops, "that

any one Communion should consent to be absorbed in another"<sup>1</sup>—an attitude reasonable enough, *if* there is no Communion which can claim to be exclusively the Church of Christ, if, in other words, His purpose and promise have failed.

One of the signatories of the Appeal, the Bishop of Peterborough, has been surveying the situation, after these twelve months, in the *Church Times*,<sup>2</sup> and finds little consolation in the survey—"To the enthusiast for reunion the year has been disappointing." He ascribes the want of progress to mental and religious sluggishness on the part of "the Churches." The reaction after the war has made people disinclined for "hard thinking." And then he goes on—"The crucial question which must be faced and thought out by each Church before any real advance can be made is simply this: What kind of union do we want?" We venture to suggest that no sort of progress can be hoped for, unless the "Churches" seriously inquire: What sort of union Christ wanted and intended, and whether He did not after all secure it? If it was not a union primarily of belief—"teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you"—then words have no meaning. If Christ's Body was not meant to have a single Head, then it were a monstrosity. An external federation of various bodies, differing as the sects do, amongst themselves and from us, on matters of principle, and giving contradictory explanations of the Christian message—better far the present chaos outside the Fold than any such pretence which would make it less shameful and foolish. The Bishop pleads for "hard thinking." No amount of hard thinking will read schism into the Church of the New Testament. What the non-Catholic needs is *clear* thinking, to enable him to recognize the City set upon the Hill, and to find the Way which is so plainly marked that even fools do not err therein.

J. K.

#### ANTI-CATHOLIC JOURNALISM.

**I**F we refer again to a matter already dealt with effectively in an earlier part of this issue, it is not from a desire to slay the slain, but to comment on, not for the first time, the way our journalists have of publishing attacks on the Catholic Church without using ordinary care to ascertain their truth.

<sup>1</sup> Report, p. 136.

<sup>2</sup> Sept. 9, p. 241.

It is a form of religious persecution which no doubt is a welcome change from the rack and the gallows, but, although it does comparatively little harm to its victims, they may still protest against it as a violation of common courtesy. We are not speaking, of course, of the Protestant gutter-papers, and the various Atheist and Rationalist sheets whose writers make their living by pandering to religious or anti-religious prejudice, but of papers of good standing which have an educated *clientèle*. Here, for instance, are some reflections on the honour of the Irish hierarchy by the Editor of the *Saturday Review* (August 27th), which it would be hard to beat:

The Church as a matter of fact fears [Sinn Fein] and, being only in favour of Home Rule when there was no chance of getting it, would gladly if it dared obstruct its march to power. For the moment the hierarchy are playing a waiting game, hoping that Ulster will do for them what they cannot afford, in face of a public opinion that has got its head, to do for themselves.

The two most recent pronouncements of the Irish hierarchy on public affairs contain strong denunciations of English policy in Ireland and an uncompromising vindication of Irish national rights. The *Saturday Review* would have us believe that these eminent prelates have stooped to issue lying manifestoes in order to disguise their real aims. If we asked the Editor how he knew those aims "as matters of fact," what could he say? What probability is there that *he* had any reliable information about the secret views of the Irish Bishops? Yet, whilst ignorance does not prevent him from affecting definite knowledge, he light-heartedly and barefacedly accuses some thirty Catholic prelates of deliberate and public falsehood!

The Editor of the *National Review*, in giving harbourage to Mr. Stutfield's defamatory libels on Catholic morality, is in similar case. Father Vassall-Phillips has shown that Mr. Stutfield's accusations are founded on misinterpretations of which no really educated man could have been guilty, and which only a mind blinded by anti-Catholic prejudice could admit as credible. For, under cover of exposing the moral teaching of the Jesuits, he equivalently accuses every educated Catholic of condoning the abominable doctrines he ascribes to them. Does this outsider know more about our theology than the prelates and priests and the adult lay-folk of the Catholic body? That would seem to be his insolent

claim, so that in framing his foul accusations he is indicting us all, either of gross ignorance or of equally gross immorality. But the significance of his attack is not intrinsic: it lies in the medium through which it is delivered. You may read the like, any time you wish to, in the *Protestant Alliance Magazine* and similar publications, but not often in periodicals addressed to the educated. It is true that it is the pleasant foible of the Editor of the *National Review* to believe that the British Empire is engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Catholic Church, and on the strength of that conviction, he fathered Mr. Stutfield's previous work, *The Roman Mischief-Maker*. Yet he cannot expect that the bulk of his readers share his prejudices or are willing to condemn their Catholic fellow-citizens on the strength of them. History has made some progress since the Emancipation Debates and the days of "Papal Aggression."

Not, however, in minds like those we are considering. They believe what they want, and contrary facts do not affect them. Yet it would surely be reasonable to ask Mr. Maxse and Mr. Stutfield to try to get some first-hand knowledge of their subject. Let them spend a week or so at St. Beuno's listening to the Moral Professor; let them go to Stonyhurst and see the Jesuit system of education for themselves; let them even venture to make a retreat at Manresa and learn the "essence of Jesuitry" as distilled from the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius; let them, in a word, do what every man will do, who wishes to ascertain the truth about any matter—go to the fountain-head—and then let them come and tell us what they have discovered. The readers of the *National Review* may then feel that they have been treated with proper courtesy.

J. K.

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## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**The Dante Centenary.**

What is the secret of Dante's universal appeal—to the worldling and unbeliever as well as to the faithful and devout—but the fact that the human mind is created for truth and the human heart for beauty, and that never have truth and beauty been so wonderfully displayed in verse as in the *Divina Commedia*? All Italy, from the Pope downwards, has naturally been *en fête* on the occasion of the sixth centenary of the poet's death. The Holy Father, in a magnificent eulogium, commended the study of the poet's works "to the professors and students of all the Catholic institutions for instruction in literature and higher culture"—surely a unique tribute. But Dante, Florentine and Catholic as he was to the backbone, is being eulogized in every nation and by men of every creed. In this country, for instance, *The Times* vies with our Catholic papers in celebrating his fame, and, although one of the greatest Dante authorities in this country, Dr. Edmund Gardner, is fittingly a Catholic, eminent non-Catholic scholars have laboured long and lovingly to interpret him to their fellow-countrymen. Such world-wide renown does not spring from mere poetic achievement. Dante teaches the great truths of Christian revelation, and, however wondrous the imaginative elaboration of the structure, its basis and framework are dogmatic fact—the Word that will outlast the universe.

**The Basis of Dante's Fame.**

At the same time the very universality of this celebration provokes certain reflections on literary fame. Here is a poet who in language, spirit and mentality is profoundly different from most of his foreign admirers. To appreciate him fully a fund of real scholarship is necessary—a knowledge of the niceties of thirteenth-century Italian, much ancient lore concerning astrology, a familiarity with classical history and myths, an acquaintance with the intricacies of Italian feuds, above all, an intimate grasp of the philosophy and theology of the Catholic Church—surely an equipment possessed by very few of the millions of professed Dante-worshippers. A fully annotated edition of the *Divine Comedy* would run to many volumes. Those competent to read it, "with their feet on the fender," must bear a small proportion to those whose acquaintance is limited to Cary's translation. Yet the Shakespearean centenary held a few years ago did not excite such commotion in the literary world as does this feast of the old Florentine mystic, and, as for Milton, we do not recollect that his birth-centenary in 1908 was celebrated at all. The cynic will discourse on affectation of culture and on

literary fashions and poses: but the truth would seem to be that Dante the man is known to many who have never studied Dante the poet, and the man is one of the great tragic personalities of history. And no doubt his drastic handling of ecclesiastics, even of Popes, who had earned his enmity or contempt, has contributed something to his vogue amongst a people to whom Pope-baiting and Church-hating till quite recent times were national pastimes.

**Punishment  
incompatible with  
Peace.**

With the last day of August the war officially came to an end. In one sense it had ended long ago; in another it is still going on, for who can say there is yet peace in Europe? Peace was not the first object of the Versailles Treaty, but punishment—the punishment of a whole people. We are now learning that even a beaten nation cannot be punished without the continuance of war, or of all the abnormal conditions produced by war. And not even so can the punishment be effectual. "Germany still unrepentant," say the headlines of our papers, ápropos of this or that militarist demonstration. What do they expect, these journalists? Has a nation ever repented? Has a nation ever been consciously guilty? Can you successfully indict a nation? The responsible people, the nation's leaders, may by the logic of facts be made to realize mistakes and miscalculations, but they will never admit wrong-doing. Still less may we expect their deluded subjects to own to crimes of which they were not conscious. The chance of overthrowing militarism was missed when the German people, having hurled from power the Kaiser and generals who had misled them, found themselves in consequence treated no less harshly than if they had not. The new German Republic was pacifist and ready to repudiate militarism and all its works. The reparations, the exaction of which has, by prolonging war-conditions, indirectly cost the Allies more than they can ever hope to gain, might well have been forgone for the sake of establishing the new order. As it is, Germany, surrounded by armed nations and driven to slave for the Allies at the bayonet's point, is inevitably forced once more into war-projects. The opportunity of getting her to realize the folly and wickedness of her rulers' pre-war policy was lost when she saw, as a result of the war, no apparent change in European diplomacy.

**The Crimes  
of the  
Old Diplomacy.**

The cardinal sin of that diplomacy was, and is, the accepted policy of weakening a possible enemy by instigating or indirectly helping others to fight against him. Few of the little wars, which have followed the big war, but have been due to the encouragement or connivance of one or other of the Allies.

The present miserable conflict between Greeks and Turks, waged by the former in defiance of the League of Nations, could be stopped to-morrow by the great Powers. The folly of Polish aggression at Vilna, of Hungarian aggression on Austria, of the various bickerings between the half-fledged nations of Eastern Europe and of the divided counsels regarding Russia, are all ascribable, or at least ascribed, to the workings of the rival interests of the Allies—all conceived in the old pre-war atmosphere. Now, to stir up strife for the sake of material or political interests is, plainly, the work of the devil. The Greeks, invading territory which at any rate is not theirs, have lost 18,000 men, and are back again where they started from. What evil spirit persuaded them to start?

**Once more  
the Folly of  
Armaments.**

And who, except the armament firms that supplied their weapons, have benefited from that awful and wanton waste? Is Germany to be the only disarmed nation in the world? France and Great Britain in 1920 spent three times the amount of their pre-war expenditure on armaments; America more than ten times; Italy just less; Japan about three times. These are all Allies and they are threatened by no hostile combination. What is the meaning of this seeming madness except that these nations, for all the schooling of the war, have not even yet learned that it is wiser and cheaper and more effective to prepare for peace instead of for war, that in a universal League of Nations lies the only hope of security for each and all of them. It shows how far the State is from being a real democracy that no effective protest has been made in any nation by the common people, on whose necks it rests, against this unnecessary burden. If we add to current expenditure that incurred in the last war (pensions and interest on war-debt) we find that the American is paying more than 18 shillings in every pound of taxation on account of war past and prospective, and the Britisher more than 12 shillings. Yet Labour, which is supposed to be solid for peace, and in support of the League of Nations, is rejoicing at the work entailed in laying down new warships and is ready enough to find employment in armament firms, forced doubtless by the fact that a living cannot be otherwise secured. And the Political Economists, who from time to time prophesy our bankruptcy, do not suggest stopping this colossal leak. The moral effects of the war—the self-sacrifice, the brotherliness, the bravery—have largely disappeared with their stimulus, but the economic lesson, the folly of unnecessary waste, is still staring us in the face;—why is it not acted on?

**The League of  
Nations  
the World's Hope.**

In spite of its imperfect constitution, its stunted growth, its feeble performance, the League of Nations remains the only approach yet visible to the Christian ideal of international relations. That ideal is based on the fact that human progress demands competition indeed, but not unchecked competition, rivalry, but only within the realms of law. Narrow self-centred nationalism is suicidal: in suppressing or damaging a rival we are apt to injure ourselves: even a successful war can bring no material gain to the victors. The solidarity of the human race was disguised when nations were numerically small and communication between them slow and difficult: now, mankind has become economically one, and the body suffers in each of its members. Because Russian children are starving, British children are underfed. Yet many writers in every land are planning and urging economic war. Even a Socialist like Mr. Snowden insists on the maintenance of British Supremacy in Trade,<sup>1</sup> in the idea that national wealth depends on the comparative poverty of other nations. And the whole Press still rings with the old shibboleths of industrial strife. Not one of the miserable little squabbles that keep Europe in a ferment to-day is the fruit of a noble ideal: all are traceable to racial exclusiveness; all are influenced by schemes of greed and grab.

**Covetousness  
the  
Root of War.**

Thus we are compelled to reconsider all the impressions begotten of the war. These tendencies are not the result of that struggle. Rather, the war for a time disguised or sublimated them. They were at work before the war; nay, they caused the war. The whole of European diplomacy, rotten with racial hatreds and trade rivalries, led inevitably to that murderous, wild-beast clash of passions, and, unless purged and purified by quite another conception of human welfare, will produce exactly the same result. Hence the dire need of replacing by means of a League of Nations, with peace and justice and the welfare of humanity as a common ideal, the old conception of national greatness, the old ambition of racial supremacy, the old fallacy of cut-throat competition, by a consciousness that the prosperity of every section of the human race is for the good of the rest. Had God's designs not been thwarted by human pride, perhaps by this time His Catholic religion would have formed one strong and permanent bond between all nations, but now that religion has been made, by means of man's perversity, a source of disunion, we have to fall back upon the less spiritual device of a political combination to save mankind from the perils of militarism.

<sup>1</sup> Letter to *The Times*, Sept. 19, "The Means to Supremacy."

**What the League  
has done.**

The League of Nations, still imperfect through the exclusion of Germany and Russia, still faulty through the preponderance given to material power, still overshadowed by the influence of the Supreme War Council, still grievously maimed by the aloofness of America, still stultifying itself by ignoring the Papacy, still weakened by the endeavours of the great Powers to contract out of its regulations, is yet the only means of escape from the resurgence of the old bad spirit of covetousness that led to the war. Its Assembly met for the second time at the beginning of September, ten months since the first meeting. The number of States represented was 48, as against 41 last year, and it stands for three-quarters of the population of the world. Three of the little Baltic Governments were admitted on September 22nd, bringing the number of Sovereign States up to 51. But despite all its spokesmen say of it, the League is not doing, and cannot do, what it was established to do, because the great Powers do not believe in it, or, at any rate, do not act as if they did.

**What the  
Washington  
Conference  
may do.**

Are we to blame America for this? Certainly one great aim of the League, the Reduction of Armaments, cannot be accomplished without America's co-operation. That is why the Washington Conference, which begins on Nov. 11, is of such importance. Out of it may yet spring, if the European Powers are wise, such modifications of the League's structure as may enable the States to join it without their seeming to endorse the policy of the discredited ex-President. But even if they hold aloof, the Washington Conference, by determining upon an international policy of harmony and co-operation, by setting its face against partial alliances, by putting its trust in international agreements rather than in national armies, by abolishing secret diplomacy, will facilitate the work of the League to a wonderful extent. If President Harding, who stands for realism, can effect by his Conference one of the main ends of the League, a vast reduction in the burden of armaments, we shall not begrudge the disappointment caused by America's repudiation of the Wilson policy. Meanwhile, let the peoples, who should have the last word in the matter, remember that all social reform, all material prosperity, all real security, is jeopardized by armament competition. Big armaments mean bad trade, bad housing, neglect of education, future war. And if the last war killed nine million men, caused 30 million casualties, imposed national debts amounting to 50,000 millions, what may not the next war do?

**The Economic  
Crisis.**

According to many prophets an economic crisis of extreme gravity is impending. The deficit for half the year, £60,000,000, far exceeds the estimated deficit for the whole. Unemployment has reached colossal dimensions, the fund accumulated from insurance is nearing depletion, and local Councils are beginning to refuse to carry out poor relief. Export trade is very bad. The mines are not paying, for coal, which enters into nearly every other industry, is not being bought abroad and consequently is too dear at home. To a greater degree than ever before we depend on foreign countries for the necessities of life. The British wheat crop for 1919—20 only sufficed for less than a third of the population. Sir Henry Rew states that "on the basis of our present population . . . we should still need to import 78 per cent of our requirements."<sup>1</sup> This explains incidentally the root divergency in political aims between France and England. France is largely self-supporting and can, in the fancied interests of her own security, afford to allow European chaos to continue or even, as she is roundly accused of doing, to foment it. England on the other hand needs peace, peace with Russia and peace with Germany—a condition of European stability which will restore demand for her manufactures and the power to pay for them. We have to be kept alive on the *surplus* products of other lands, which we purchase with the profits of our export trade, and this, in turn, has greatly diminished because our goods, coal included, are too dear for the foreigner. Hence the terrible wide-spread unemployment which spells the break-down of the wage-system. If multitudes of men have nothing to subsist on save the sale of their labour, they must starve when demand for that labour ceases, or else be supported by others. Unemployment is nowadays on such a scale that private beneficence cannot cope with its results. The State must undertake the task, the State whose *raison d'être* is the well-being of its members, for the first essential of well-being is the means of livelihood. Hence the appeal made by our landless, property-less, workless millions for "Work or Maintenance" is based upon justice. Man's first right in the human order is to live. Society is so constructed that their only means of livelihood is lost to them for a time. Society must, then, provide some other, for no one has any title to superfluities whilst his fellow-citizens are starving. In this country, over against the millions who are destitute, there are thousands and tens of thousands who have more than they need. The better distribution of wealth is then the prime concern of the State, and, if that cannot be managed under the capitalist wage-system as it is, the State should introduce such changes into the system as *will* make it operate for the general welfare.

<sup>1</sup> *Food Supplies in Peace and War*, p. 165.

**A Lesson  
of  
the War.**

We are now realizing, by bitter experience, what the *waste* of war means. For four or five years a large proportion of the workers of the world have been destroying wealth instead of producing it. High wages and huge profits have disguised the fact that those wages and profits were mortgages on the future. The future is now upon us, and we must meet our debt by less wages and smaller profits and *harder* work. Normally wealth is produced by the application of labour to raw material, provided by capital; therefore the more work the more wealth, if only the proceeds can reach the consumer and be profitably disposed of. We are confronted by the spectacle of immense stocks of coal and food and clothing which cannot be distributed because they can only be sold at a loss. We hear again the shocking story of the destruction of food because freightage to the markets makes it unsaleable. It is, we repeat, the business of the State to take first things first, and before providing at immense cost in Palestine (which does not belong to it) a "national home" for Jews (who are not their subjects), to secure somehow or other that its own citizens shall be kept alive at home. These vast domestic questions—housing, wages, employment—have never been made as they should have been the chief concern of the reconstruction Government; rather, like Mrs. Jellaby, it has had its eyes on the ends of the earth and been blind to the needs of its own. And now, so oblivious is it to the real nature of the crisis, so unsuspicious that Capitalism itself is on trial, that it is said to be meditating a drastic interference with the Trades Boards, the one protection which the sweated worker has secured, in trades not covered by Unions, against merciless exploitation.

**The British  
Association.**

The British Association, which held its annual meeting at Edinburgh at the beginning of September, makes that annual meeting the occasion of informing the public of the progress made in the various arts and sciences. It is largely concerned with the announcement of new discoveries and new theories, which certainly provide startling headlines for the evening papers but do not otherwise affect the common life of man. One is apt to imagine in reading the various reports that there is more need for the reassertion of old truths than for the trumpeting of strange speculations. It seems a pity that the whole field should be left to the innovator and the experimentalist, and that the traditionalist should not raise his voice in support of the ancient verities. There were few Catholics amongst the members of the Association, only one or two who contributed scientific papers or spoke in that section. In the domains of philosophy, psy-



chology, education, history, economics, there were none to speak on behalf of the sound precepts and practices of Catholicism. Yet how much of the greatest utility might have been said by our professors and savants and social workers. If, for instance, Father McNabb's trenchant criticism of the inhuman "capitalist" views vented by Mr. A. Hopkinson, of whom one expected something better, and by others had been uttered in their hearing, as well as in the columns of the *Catholic Times*, if Dr. Aveling or Dr. Downey had discussed the vagaries of philosophical speculation there on the spot, some complacent theorists might have awakened to a world of tested and proven fact of which they take no account. We think that Catholics, in their general endeavour to reach the present age, should not in future neglect an occasion of this sort.

**Methods  
of  
Barbarism.**

A distinguished chemist, Sir Edward Thorpe, at the British Association meeting, spoke very strongly about the use of poison-gas in warfare, stigmatizing it as a return to methods of barbarism. But however naturally scientific men may resent the application of scientific discoveries to destructive uses, the only way of avoiding that is to abolish war itself. The gas which propels the poison-shell from the gun is just as guilty of inhumanity as the asphyxiating vapour itself. And however humanitarian instinct may prompt the disuse of weapons which cause torture as well as death, the revelations of the late war show that no combatant in future will refrain from *any* means by which he can break his enemy's *morale*. A competition in savagery inevitably ensues, when one or other or both foes are not practical Christians. Just a week before Sir Edward spoke, another Chemical Professor, Sir William Pope, was telling a Canadian audience that at the time of the Armistice a new vapour was discovered against which no respirator would be of any avail. "It was so strong that it would stop a man, if present in the atmosphere in the proportion of one part to 5,000,000." And Sir William actually went on to assert that chemical agencies would be the sole deciding factor in future wars and that in fact they were more merciful than high explosives—which last statement seems to us undeniably true. Nor will "chemical agencies," alias virulent poisons, be confined to the air—though this is not Sir William Pope's deduction—but they will be applied through water as well. Once you admit the lawfulness of war, *i.e.*, the conflict of two opposing wills waged through material agencies, the "morality" of the agency tends to be determined solely by its effectiveness. When the world was more under the influence of Christian principle, the actual fighting in warfare was carried on between the official armies. That convention has

now been very largely set aside, and our war-theorists frankly contemplate whole communities in conflict. The "Huns" are not to be the only "baby-killers" (if ever they were) in the future of the militarists.

**The  
Proposed Irish  
Conference.**

The perils as well as the advantages of open diplomacy have been illustrated by the correspondence between the Prime Minister and Mr. de Valera regarding the holding of a conference to settle the relations between England and Ireland. The perils arose from the newspaper chorus which commented, with nothing like choric unanimity but for the most part with a genuine desire for peace, on the dialogue of the protagonists. As the chorus had no intimate knowledge of their inner debates and had, on the other hand, abundance of prejudice, the result was a darkening of counsel. But even that confusion was better and more becoming to a democracy than a private interchange of notes with occasional inspired summaries. It became clear that the only possible subject of discussion was the practical one—how can the rights and interests of the two parties be best adjusted. By entering on that discussion neither party gives up its political views. The matter of the conference is, in the words of Mr. Lloyd George, adopted by Mr. de Valera,

to ascertain how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British Empire can best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations.

It is hard to see that anything has occurred, or been said, since that formula was mutually agreed on, to make conference impossible. Mr. de Valera has reiterated his claim to speak for an independent Ireland, without, of course, expecting Mr. Lloyd George to admit it, and the Premier has restated the position to which he is committed, viz., that Ireland is an integral part of the British Commonwealth, a view to which he cannot hope Mr. de Valera to accede. All this was known from the start and should be no obstacle to their meeting, the terms of reference being as given above. Perhaps before these words are in print the conference will have been arranged, and the truce be in a fair way to becoming a peace, a peace with honour and justice.

**Light from  
Lecky.**

With the possible details of that discussion we have no business here, but we should advise all concerned with understanding the question to study, for instance in Lecky's *History of Ireland*, the conditions under which Ireland achieved, and lost, independence at the end of the eighteenth century. The story has been conveniently summarized by Mr. Sidney Parry in a

pamphlet called *Ireland's Claim to Independence: how England met this claim in 1782* (price 3d.)<sup>1</sup>, published some months ago. The progress of negotiations so far, culminating in Mr. Churchill's declaration at Dundee on September 24th, that Ireland must remain under the King, whether as King of Ireland or of Great Britain, seems to justify the author in describing his resumé of the earlier history as "THE Avenue to Peace in 1921."

THE EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by the Author, 8, Onslow Gardens, S.W. 7.

### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Penance** in the New Code [S. Woywood, O.F.M., in *Homiletic Review*, Sept., 1921, p. 1110].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Anglican Modernists** really Monists [Canon Barry in *Catholic Times*, Aug. 27, 1921, p. 7].

**Anglo-Catholic Convention**, The [Prof. Stockley in *Blackfriars*, Sept., 1921, p. 335].

**Jewish Views of Christianity** [J. W. Poynter in *Month*, Oct., 1921, p. 305].

**Medical Ethics**, False [V. McNabb, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, Sept., 1921, p. 351].

**Mexico** Catholic in spite of Persecution [E. C. Byam in *America*, Sept. 10, 1921, p. 487].

**Stutfield's, Mr.**, Libels on Catholic Morality [O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R., in *Month*, Oct., 1921, p. 315].

**Zionism**, Injustice of, exposed [R. Ginns, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, Sept., 1921, p. 360; J. Huby in *Etudes*, Sept. 5-20, 1921, p. 513].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Czechoslovakia**: the Birth of a Nation [Joseph Hanus in *Messenger of the S. H.*, Oct., 1921, p. 268].

**Dante's Attitude towards the Church** [T. J. Slattery in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Sept., 1921, p. 223].

**Dante Memorial Number** [The *Catholic World*, September, 1921].

**Medieval Science Vindicated** [J. J. Walsh in *America*, Sept. 10, 1921, p. 488].

**St. Thomas**, An Outsider on [H. Pope, O.P., on Dr. Wicksteed's Hibbert Lectures: *Tablet*, August 27, 1921, p. 267].

# REVIEWS

## I—THE TRINITY<sup>1</sup>

**P**ERE LEBRETON has undertaken a truly gigantic task, a history of the dogma of the Blessed Trinity from its earliest origins to St. Augustine. Whether it will reasonably be possible to stop even there we have some doubt, but at least that great doctor's writings are a landmark of enormous significance, and no doubt our author will do his best to round off the subject before coming to a conclusion. The present volume deals with the origins of the doctrine, and is divided into three main parts, dealing respectively with the Hellenistic and Jewish background, and with the New Testament. In the second part are considered both the Old Testament and the rabbinical evidence and Philo, while a good deal of room is taken up at the end by important critical notes.

The first edition of this volume appeared in 1910, and was reviewed in the June MONTH of that year. The review concluded with a paragraph of high praise, and a surmise that the book might come "eventually to be regarded as having something of the character of a classic." This forecast has been amply fulfilled, at all events as far as serious students are concerned; and we are glad to be able to extend an even more cordial welcome now to the fourth edition of the work, which, as we are told, has been entirely recast, and which has also received the honour of being crowned by the French Academy. The learned author (who is Professor of the History of Christian Origins at the Institut Catholique of Paris) gives us the benefit of his maturer views, and also deals with some of the subjects at greater length. The most noteworthy example of a change of position is the treatment of Mark xiii. 32 (note C); the author's present exegesis, though in itself perhaps less obvious, is more conformable to tradition and the instructions of the Holy See. The study of the Synoptic Gospels in regard of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity has been greatly enlarged.

We find ourselves in two worlds of thought, as it were, the

<sup>1</sup> *Les Origines du Dogme de la Trinité*. Par Jules Lebreton. Paris : Beauchesne. Pp. xxiv. 644. Price, 24 francs. 1919.

Jewish and the Greek, and the study of their contact is never easy, whether in Old Testament or New, or in Philo. To our thinking, if we may venture a criticism, the weakness of the work, so far as there is any such weakness, is to be found in the handling of the strictly rabbinical evidence. The sections on the Memra and Shekina, for instance, do not appear to us very satisfactory (pp. 150-6); St. John may be said to tell us in his prologue (i. 14) that the Memra ("Word") "shekina-ed" amongst us; Père Lebreton practically admits the play on the words, which indeed seems to be indicated by the immediate mention of the "glory," but hardly makes sufficient allowance for all the implications (pp. 152, 460).

On the Greek side our author is far stronger, and we doubt not that he will find himself no less at home in the world of Latin thought, and with the Fathers generally. Excellent as is the work already done, we are confident that what remains is likely to surpass it. With our congratulations we mingle these hopes and good wishes.

## 2—THE WHEREFORE OF THE INCARNATION<sup>1</sup>

**I**N the only place in which Père Chrysostome is announced as the author of this work, his name is followed by the initials *O.M.I.*, but we gather from other indications that he belongs to the Friars Minor, and chiefly from the rather alarming letter which we have found enclosed in the volume, wherein we are bidden to declare whether more serious thomist arguments can be brought against him than those dealt with, and if so, to state them, and whether it is still possible to be a "cajetanian," and if so, on what grounds. Fortunately for ourselves, it is not the bounden duty of reviewers to pass a final judgment upon highly controversial works of this kind, and we judge it the better part of valour to remark that there is a good deal to be said for both sides. And, indeed, even this remark is not so wanting in valour as might at first sight appear; for whereas Father Pesch, S.J., is quoted (p. 285) as saying that the greatest defenders of thomism do not deny the probability of the scotist view (that is, the possibility that it may be the true one), even while they think the arguments against it are the stronger,

<sup>1</sup> *Le Motif de l'Incarnation et les principaux thomistes contemporains.* Par le R. P. Chrysostome, O.F.M. Tours: Marcel Cattier, Pp. 456. Price, 12.50 francs. 1921.

Père Chrysostome appears to rule the thomist view absolutely and entirely out of court.

What, then, are the opposed views? The main point in dispute is one of considerable interest, and can be appreciated by all. The thomist view is, that without sin there would have been no Incarnation; the scotist view is, that the Incarnation would have taken place in any case. Here is the problem as stated by Père Hugon, O.P., whom Père Chrysostome is in the main attacking, but he appears satisfied with this statement of the issue (p. 11): "in virtue of the present decree," that is, of the decree which God made in actual fact, and apart from any others which He *might* have made, "is the Incarnation subordinate to Redemption in such a manner that the Word would not have become incarnate if there had not been question of redeeming man?" This question must be answered, so far as it can be answered, in the light of Scripture and Tradition. Of authoritative and decisive declarations of the Church (p. 202) there does not seem to be much serious question; the controversy turns mainly upon Scripture and patristic tradition. Père Chrysostome presses every argument as far as it will go, and possibly a little farther, and his book is too full of disputation to merit confidence. We should like to see a work written with the same remorseless zeal on the other side, or better still, an impartial criticism of the most important passages.

Perhaps the strongest of the purely Biblical arguments in favour of our author's position is taken from the first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians (Col. i. 15-20); but we do not think that a really certain argument can be drawn from it (cf. pp. 33, 78, etc). On the other hand, it does not do justice to such a text as I Tim. i. 15 (which says that Christ came into the world to save sinners) to argue (p. 21) that the Apostle does not say that Christ would not have come in any case. An impartial exegete must try to arrive at the natural sense of these and other passages; and we cannot but feel that the sacred writers have expressed themselves a little oddly, if they really had in their minds that Christ would have come in any case, and that in consequence of sin His coming merely took on a different (or rather, additional) aspect and function. And when we come to the Fathers, we find that there are some, such as St. John Chrysostom (p. 182) and St. Gregory the Great (p. 190) who quite explicitly assert the thomist view, while we are not satisfied that there are

any who clearly commit themselves to the scotist view. That the Fathers named, and also many others, hold views that seem to our author to demand the scotist explanation, is another matter, upon which we cannot stop. If Père Chrysostome were pleading with equal zeal and ability on the other side, he would probably find no great difficulty in rescuing some of them! Perhaps his most interesting treatment is that of St. Thomas Aquinas, to whom he devotes much attention; a quotation from the *Summa* (*Secunda Secundae*, 2.7) on p. 54 certainly seems to savour of scotism. And we may perhaps surmise incidentally that a series of references on p. 364 will prove a little depressing for those who are still making undaunted efforts to prove that the Angelic Doctor did not intend to deny the Immaculate Conception.

Through confining ourselves to giving our impressions on the main point, which is all that can be asked for in a notice of this kind, we have not been able to indicate the full strength of our author's reasonings; let us therefore conclude by remarking that we doubt whether the view he favours has ever been defended more capably. His book will certainly command general attention in the schools.

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## SHORT NOTICES.

### MORAL THEOLOGY.

A LITTLE book called *Repetitorium Theologiae Fundamentalis*, by Fr. V. Wass, O.M.Cap. (Rauch: 15.00 fr.), is an attempt to supply in the smallest possible compass an outline treatment of the "apologetics" course as studied in modern theological schools. With great skill the author has compressed into the booklet—in size, it is a booklet—standard proofs of all the theses of the apologetics course. A valuable feature of the book is the space accorded to difficulties. Although it is meant to help the seminarian to prepare for his examinations, it should be of considerable value to the priest who is called on to answer the difficulties of non-Catholics. In these pages he will find all the ordinary difficulties summed up and squarely faced, a clear and succinct answer being provided in each case. Thanks to his skill in compressing his material, Father Wass has been able to include every variety of terminology and definition, so that the task of avoiding the pitfalls of ambiguous language is very appreciably simplified. We have been able to detect very few errors; perhaps the thesis on the Vulgate could be amended with profit. The *Repetitorium* is got up so as to be light and portable: despite its 300 pages it hardly occupies more space than a pocket diary.

### DEVOTIONAL.

Father Macnamara, C.S.S.R., in compiling *The Priest before the Altar* (Sands: 3s. 6d. net), has translated the well-known prayers for before



and after Mass, composed by St. Alphonsus, and added the Latin prayers for the same purpose, to be found in the Missal, as well as other familiar Eucharistic devotions. The result is a booklet which many priests will find serviceable.

Père Eugene Thibaut, S.J., has signalized the three hundredth anniversary of the canonization of St. Ignatius and the four hundredth of the writing of the Exercises by producing **Exercitiorum Spiritualium S. Ignatii Concordantia** (the Author: 2.50 fr.: rue des Récollets, Louvain), a work of immense labour enabling the student to find the text of any passage whereof he can recall even a single word. References are given to three editions, that of Father Roothan (1852), that comprised in the *Thesaurus Spiritualis* of Desclée, and that recently brought out at Madrid.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

A characteristic of the good Religious, whose spiritual autobiography Father J. J. Navatel, S.J., has edited with the title **Sr. Marie-Coelette du Sacré-Cœur** (J. de Gigord: 7.50 fr.), was her cheerfulness. She was a Poor Clare of the monastery of Besançon and practised the austerities of that holy congregation for twenty-five years (1881—1905), keeping a record, by order of her Superiors, of her spiritual experiences. These were those common to mystics of every age—abounding supernatural joys, familiar intercourse with God and His Saints, coupled with strange visitations of suffering, such as the specific pains of the Passion without, however, any visible stigmata. As a revelation of the ways of God with His elect, and the varied reactions of human nature under the stimulus of grace, the book offers abiding attraction to the amateur of the *unum necessarium*.

Still more extraordinary, because dealing with material much more intractable, is the story of the conversion and vocation of an Austrian general, the Baron de Géramb, who had a distinguished career as a soldier, a diplomatist and a courtier during the Napoleonic wars, and ended his days in the odour of sanctity. **Général et Trappiste** (Téqui: 7.00 fr.) is the title of the biography which a brother Cistercian, Dom A. M. P. Ingold, has compiled, and the narration combines historical with religious interest in a high degree. The subject's career was of the most diversified character, and he ended his military service as a prisoner of Napoleon at Vincennes. Here he found the Bishop of Troyes, whose conversation and that of other priests, finally brought about his recognition of the vanity of the world and the sinfulness of his past life. He threw himself into the service of God as a Trappist with the same energy of character as he had displayed in the world, and was remarkable for his humility and practical faith. He rose to high distinction in his Order and became its procurator-general at Rome, where he enjoyed the friendship of Gregory XVI., dying there shortly after the Pope in 1848.

Those hundreds who make retreats at the various "Cenacles," and also those thousands who have not yet had that experience, will read with interest Father Martindale's account of **Marie Thérèse Condere, the Foundress of the Congregation of Our Lady of the Cenacle** (B.O. & W.: 2s.6d net), which, written in his most arresting style, is much more than a mere spiritual biography, for it is also a valuable disquisition on the practice of retreats as one remedy for the practical paganism of our time. The spirit of the Congregation and the extraordinary

vicissitudes through which it passed: the character of this great woman who, as all founders must, went through her own Passion of contradiction and trial: the wide field opened at this time to lay-effort on behalf of the faith—all these topics are treated with the discriminating insight that distinguishes Father Martindale as a hagiographer. The booklet, which belongs to the "Household of God" series, will, it is hoped, do much to advance the cause of the sainted Religious.

#### HISTORY.

In *Lehrbuch der Historischen Methodik* (Pustet: 20 marks) Father A. Feder, S.J., has compiled a very useful text book on historical method. Its chief point is its admirable analysis, its tables and its Teutonic thoroughness. It tells us all about Sources and how to classify them; and these chapters make an excellent introduction to textual criticism. It then branches off into a discussion on Diplomatic and Palæographical work, carefully distinguishing these cognate subjects. In a word, we have here all that is necessary for the Study and Interpretation of Sources. If the book does not go further and tell us how to study history itself, it is because that is not the author's object. The printing is clear and the format good. We are a little surprised to see Blessed Thomas More spelt as Thomas Morus. If the author did not think More correct, he might have given us Holbein's spelling, Moor, but that perhaps would not have been recognized.

The second volume of M. E. Rodocanachi's *La Réforme en Italie* (Picard: 10.00 fr.) merits generally the welcome we gave the first. It continues his long and elaborate account of the beginning and the failure of the Reformation movement in Italy. The period covered is the sixteenth century. The subject, to be candid, is treated in a rather fragmentary way, and there is almost no attempt at synthesis. The author divides his book into chapters, which just treat of the happenings under successive Popes—each Pope having a chapter to himself. This, it seems to us, is not an up-to-date way of writing history. We have long since ceased to speak of Kings and Popes as though each King or Pope began and ended a definite historical movement. It is apt to suggest the ancient hagiographical style of work, with chapters consecrated to Humility, Obedience and Miracles. We may have mistaken the author's precise purpose, but we have no specific declaration of it to guide us. Yet the book has a very distinct value of its own. It is full of facts, and for anyone who wishes to work up the Reformation move in Italy, it is a mine of objective information.

#### POETRY.

A critic sometimes feels inclined to pray that the people who feel a little sentimental, a little artistic or a little religious, would not vent it in rhyme. But in his better moods he forgives those who have the good will but no real vocation to the Poets Minor, because sometimes among them he finds something which defies the file of his *blasé* taste and the acid of his destructive criticism.

*Arrows*, by George Noble Plunket (Gill: 5s.), have come out of the quiver of "a son of the old Irish kings," and they are worthy of him. They are the poems of one who shrines his God in his country, and kneels at that shrine. His translations are finely done, and good to read. It is curious to note how many of the modern singers sing at the sill of

Bethlehem; perhaps because they know Chesterton spoke the truth when he said:

"Only till Christmas time goes by,  
Passionate peace is in the sky";

and so, in the hope of keeping Peace, they sing under a Christmas sky to her Prince.

A vocation to poetry in no wise prevents a vocation to the cloister, and, if the world but knew, we should find many a monk and many a holy nun wearing the laurel under cowl and coif.

Sister Mary Benvenuta has previously only given us her poems one by one, hidden in the corners of various Catholic periodicals, but now she has a little bookful for us. "**The Months and other Poems**" (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d. net) include some of the most beautiful it has been our fortune to read. Quote we cannot. If we like the "Other Poems" better than the "Months," it is because the others are longer and there are more of them. Already we have nearly by heart her sonnet on Francis Thompson, and we love the Seraphic Poet too dearly to like the usual laurels that litter his tomb. We would quote "Desire" and "St. Joseph of the Attic Stairs" and the poem of God's little hawks, had we space. But we can only commiserate modern anthologies on their loss, and rejoice with St. Dominic that he has so sweet a singer to set "Truth" to music.

#### FICTION.

Nothing could be more appropriate, now that "film stars" in the flesh are so much under notice, than Father Finn's new boys' story—or "juvenile," as the American language has it—called **Bobbie in Movie-land** (Benziger: \$1.50), which deals with the evolution of a "born mimic" into a cinema-actor. The scene is laid at Los Angeles, where so many film-studios are located, and apart from the interest of the story gives a vivid, but not too technical, picture of that strange industry. Bobbie is a charming child, adding to his acting powers a lively and practical faith which, one gathers, is rare enough at Los Angeles and which, by sheer force of example, works wonderful effects in its pagan surroundings. Child-readers will be enchanted with the story, and will not criticize too severely a certain excess of coincidence.

The result of retelling a Biblical story in modern colloquial language with the aim of making characters and motives more intelligible, has not been very successful in the case of **David: the Son of Jesse**, by Marjorie Strachey (Jonathan Cape: 7s. 6d. net). The authoress has evidently been at much pains to supply what the sacred narrative presupposes and to expand what it suggests, but the David of her depicting is not the "man after God's own heart." She might at least have left him the great exploit which began his martial career, the slaying of Goliath, but, through some freak perhaps of the Higher Criticism, this deed is ascribed to another hand.

The series of short stories called **Ghost Gleams** by W. J. Wintle (Heath Cranton: 7s. 6d. net) are genuine fiction, essays of imagination solely designed to cause pleasant thrills round the winter's fire. So the author manipulates the usual "properties"—hidden chambers, fiery eyes, ancient curses—with a few new ones such as spectral spiders, without troubling to give any verisimilitude to the result. But, apart from this, the book is well written, and the thrills are there.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A very useful brochure on **Les Patronages Catholiques** (Bonne Presse: 2.00 fr.), has been written by M. P. Feron-Vrau, who has drawn his material from the experience of many organizers of such clubs and associations, as detailed in Catholic social journals, reports of Congresses, etc. Although conditions in this country are not precisely similar, there are many points which those who have to deal with the young and the workers will find of use in this booklet.

There are many such clubs and groups amongst us but none, we venture to think, which at all resembles **L'Association Catholique des Patrons du Nord** (Bonne Presse: 2.00 fr.), of which also M. Feron-Vrau is the author. The object of this association of capitalists has been to introduce Christian principles into industry, and for thirty-seven years they have pursued this commendable task with singular success. M. Feron-Vrau takes only the first 30 years of their history—the Association, like the C.T.S., was founded in 1884—and his record is an inspiring one, well worth the consideration of those who know that only by such a process can the disintegration of modern industry be stayed, and justice, long-delayed, be done to the workers.

Another interesting book from the same "Bonne Presse" is an architectural and domestic study, abundantly illustrated and called **L'habitation humaine à travers les Siècles** (by H. Roussat and E. Hannouille: 3.00 fr.). The same firm also publish a disquisition on Christian Art in the form of a novel called **L'Artiste Chrétien** (4.50 fr.), and a number of other romances which we cannot afford space to describe.

There is a mine of practical wisdom to be found in the little book, **When, Whom and How to Marry** (B.O. & W.: 9d.), which Father McNeiry, C.S.S.R., has just brought out. The miseries which too often follow marriage are largely due to people entering upon the sacramental contract without receiving the sacramental grace. That should be impossible for Catholics at any rate, for, knowing the indissoluble nature of the yoke, they should be the more anxious for the means to bear it happily. If only ordinary care were devoted to making this most important of all natural contracts, the divorce-list, as the Bishop of Salford points out in his Preface, would not have swelled from 389 in 1914 to 2,384 in 1921.

A third number of the educational series published by MM. Lethiel-leux, of Paris, is devoted to **Les Idées Pédagogiques de Montaigne** (2.00 fr.), and written by M. J. Renault. Montaigne, of course, was only a theorist and his grasp of spiritual essentials was not sure nor profound enough to make him a trustworthy guide, but M. Renault has shown that there is much excellent educational matter in his writings and that his mistakes are not substantial.

## MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

**The Catholic Mind** (America Press: 5 c.) for August 22nd reproduces the Pope's Encyclical on "St. Dominic's Seventh Centenary," and a valuable essay on "the Critics of Christianity" by an able Dublin writer, "Imaal"; also a few clear pages on Sex-Instruction from the C.S.G. Manual on Eugenics. The issue for September 8th contains Mr. A. H. Atteridge's appreciation of Napoleon, taken from our pages, and a legal opinion as to the danger to the purity of sacramental

wine involved in certain regulations to explain and apply Prohibition.

The C.T.S. is getting into its stride again in the matter of pamphlets. **The Beginning and the End of Man**, by the Rev. R. A. Knox, is one of the most important it has issued for some time. It is an application of clear, cold, calm common sense to the various theories regarding human origins and destiny which "scientists" posing as philosophers are so constantly and so confidently setting forth, and a vindication of Divine revelation as the only theory that fits the facts.

In view of recent mud-slinging at the Society, we may call attention again to Mr. Belloc's masterly analysis of Pascal's "**Provincial Letters**" which, as a result of sober discussion, reduces the 132 specific charges against Jesuit morality to exactly three, none of which is really certain or of any great importance, if it were. The pamphlet should be plentifully supplied to newspaper offices wherein Pascal, admirable Christian apologist as he is, is considered trustworthy in only one point, his opinion of the Jesuits.

A conversion-narrative, **Why I came in**, traces the stages of a progress from Evangelicalism through Anglicanism to the Fold. It is interesting to note that C.T.S. pamphlets had a decided share in speeding the pilgrim.

With the decline of non-Catholic Christianity other forms of religion, from the East like Christianity itself, are making headway amongst Westerns. **Buddhism in Europe**, by G. Willoughby-Meade, is an able exposure of the spread of this antithesis of Christianity in our midst, owing largely to its naturalism and to its giving relief from responsibility. The author gives a clear account of its various modifications in various lands, and of its affinity in some measure with Darwinism.

St. Augustine says that Christianity is the development of Judaism: Christ came not to destroy but to fulfil. So Hugh Israelowitz Angress in "**I am a Catholic because I am a Jew**" (published for Catholic Guild of Israel by C.T.S.) takes up quite an orthodox position, and his *apologia* will be of interest and assistance both to Catholics and Jews, as helping them to a right view of each other's position. The Jew is an arrested Catholic: let him get moving again on the lines of his faith and he will end in the Church.

All the above pamphlets are (still) twopence each.

The same doubtless is true of the following pamphlets of the C.T.S. of Ireland:

**An Irish Pilgrim Priest**, by the Rev. E. O'Leary, O.S.A., a very edifying account of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, made a century ago by the Rev. B. J. Braughall, taken mainly from his own letters home;

**Our Heritage**, by Bessie O'Neill, which is described as a "book of manners for Irish children," but which gives valuable moral suggestions as well and is applicable to children of every race; and

**A Fruitful Hour before the Tabernacle**, by the Rev. W. Greene, which is in the smaller format, and will be found serviceable during visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

Yet another story of conversion from nonconformity to the faith is that told by the celebrated Paulist, the Rev. H. H. Wyman, who began life as a Congregationalist but was not baptized nor "converted" till he was nineteen years of age. **The Story of My Religious Experiences** (Paulist Press: 5 cents) is one of great interest, making one wonder why

others with the same intellectual opportunities do not equally find the light. Father Wyman's progress was gradual but steady, and the result of wholly personal investigation, and incidentally shows the influence on an earnest cultured mind of a broad view of the history and work of the Church.

That history centres round a doctrine of which the Archbishop of Birmingham writes magisterially in *Papal Infallibility*—the keystone of the arch of Christian Unity. The development of this doctrine, its grounds in history and reason and experience, its triumphant pragmatic vindication, are all persuasively expounded in this valuable pamphlet, which has especial importance at a time when so many earnest minds are seeking for a lasting bond of union. (C.T.S.: 2d.)

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

*The Catholic Mind.* Vol. XIX.  
Nos. 12—17.

THE AUTHOR, Louvain.

*Exercitiorum Spiritualium Concordantia.* By Eugene Thibaut, S.J.  
Pp. 137. Price, 2.50 fr.

BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

*L'Habitation Humaine à travers les Siècles.* By H. Rousset and E. Hannouille. Illustrated. Pp. 96.  
Price, 3.00 fr. *L'Association catholique des Patrons du Nord.* Pp. 128. Price, 2.00 fr.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE,  
London.

*Sophoclean Fragments.* Emended by R. J. Walker. Pp. x. 122. Price, 12s. 6d. net. *Marie Thérèse Condorc.* By C. C. Martindale. Pp. xii. 115. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *The Months and Other Poems.* By Sister M. Benvenuta, O.P. Pp. 45. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *When and Whom to Marry.* By Rev. C. McNeiry, C.S.S.R. Pp. xvii. 73. Price, 9d. *A Catholic History of Great Britain.* By E. M. Willmot-Buxton. Pp. xiii. 336. Price, 5s. net.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.  
Various Twopenny Pamphlets.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND, Dublin.  
Several Pamphlets.

COLLINS, London.

*The Fruits of Victory.* By Norman Angell. Pp. xviii. 338. Price, 8s. 6d. net.

GILL & SON, Dublin.

*Arrows.* By G. N. Plunkett. Pp. 64. Price, 5s. net.

HEATH CRANTON, London.

*The Wine of Sorrow.* By C. E. Bishop. Pp. 284. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *Ghost Gleams.* By W. James Wintle. Pp. 287. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

METHUEN & CO., London.

*Relativity and the Universe.* By Harry Schmidt. Pp. xiii. 136. Price, 5s. net.

JONATHAN CAPE, London.

*David, the Son of Jesse.* By Marjorie Strachey. Pp. 312. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

LONGMANS, London.

*The Economic History of Ireland from the Union to the Famine.* By G. O'Brien, Litt.D. Pp. xii. 589. Price, 21s. net.

SANDS & CO., London.

*The Church in England.* By Rev. G. Stebbing, C.S.S.R. Pp. xi. 620. *The Priest before the Altar.* By J. Macnamara, C.S.S.R. Pp. viii. 116. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

SOCIETY OF SS. PETER AND PAUL,  
London.

*Holy Unction.* By Rev. A. A. King. Pp. 35. Price, 1s. 6d.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge.

*Mithraism and Christianity.* By L. Patterson. Pp. 102. Price, 6s. net.

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